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# YE BATTLE OF MAIDEN LANE

HOW THE KNICKERBOCKER GIRLS VANQUISHED STUYVESANT

BY PERCIE W. HART

WHILE yet the present Empire City of New York was called New Amsterdam, and sturdy old Peter Stuyvesant dispensed his fiery justice within its walls, the young women of the community showed that they were by no means lacking in that independence of spirit and the rare vigor of action which causes their modern prototypes to be so generally respected and admired.

No better illustration of this need be given than the vigorous passage-at-arms just outside the city wall, which for some mysterious reason (mayhap through the power of censorship exercised by the venerable Director-General himself) has been so lightly passed over by the local historians. The thing happened in this wise:

A short distance beyond the brick arch which spanned Broadway, a footpath left the main road and turned down to the near-by ponds. From the fact of this narrow trail having been originally formed by the frauleins' wooden shoes going thitherward to wash clothes, it had come to be locally known as the Maidens' Path (Maiden Lane of the present prosaic day). On a certain morn in spring, before the cherry trees of the great orchard, which stood upon the ground at present occupied by the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge, had begun to lose their wealth of dainty blossoms, an excited bevy of girls, clad in the picturesque, gaudily colored bodices and short skirts of the period and carrying huge bundles of household linen in their far from weakly arms, came slowly along the path. That some more important theme than ordinary village gossip engrossed their attention was well evidenced by the violent gestures and wordy uproar of the girls who formed the dainty parade.

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"And why will he not attend to his palisade building, and his bothersome Swedes?" cried one buxom maiden, in extremely dissatisfied tones. "We know better how we wish to be guided than he does!"

"Meddling with that which concerns him not one whit!"

"The busybody!"

"Such a fuss about nothing!"

"Bother!"

"I know a better title than that which he bears—Mother-General! Ha-ha! Mother-General Stuyvesant, who takes such good care of New Amsterdam's daughters!"

A wave of satirical hilarity greeted this last outburst.

"Good care, indeed!" ejaculated a blonde-haired girl, whose flushed cheeks only heightened her original attractiveness, at the same time pointing with her eyes to an aged veteran, who, with clumsy musketoon on shoulder, was gravely marching ahead of them. "And of what use would such as he be, if we were attacked, I should like very much to know?"

And, now, to explain the reason of these noisy feminine clamorings, a few samples of which have been given in the foregoing. Be it understood that those were no days of bargain-counter sale or theatrical matinée. With the exception of its lowermost extremity, all the rest of Manhattan Island was a wild, unreclaimed wilderness, with redskins and equally ferocious four-legged beasts of prey lurking amid the shadowed depths of the forest. Even for the young women to go, unprotected, to as convenient a spot as the ponds, was a thing not to be thought of for a single instant. In consequence of this, volunteers for the duty were always called upon when the weekly washing-day came around; and it may be guessed that the young burghers were by no means unwilling to leave the dull routine labor of field and warehouse in order to accompany the winsome maidens upon their expeditions.

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But the very keen intelligence of the old wooden-legged Director-General had discovered a flaw in this arrangement. With such a promiscuous crowd of the young of both sexes, there was too much flirting and love-making, and not enough clothes-washing and wringing. And, moreover, the absence from their duties of the young men, for the better part of a morning, was somewhat of a strain upon the weighty plan of operations which he had mapped out.

The astute Peter argued that a single one of the more aged of his own soldiers would amply suffice as an escort, and the work of washing be done quicker and better. And upon the morning which we have just described, he had designated Gaart Lans, an old veteran of the West Indian wars, for the duty; and bade the young men to reserve their ardor for more fitting occasions. Their feelings, as well as those of the young women bound pondward without accustomed swains, can now be duly appreciated.

Arrived at the ponds, the young girls proceeded to pound and rinse out the clothes, while Gaart leaned upon his bulky weapon, and gazed about him in open enjoyment of their discomfiture. But very unluckily, as it turned out for Gaart, he was of a most loquacious temperament, and not content to satisfy himself by merely looking his amusement. One of his wordy banterings in regard to a sweetheart left within town gates caused Anna Rapalje to retaliate. This move upon her part took the by no means mild form of a pail of water thrown in the face of the crude humorist. And yet all might have ended here, if Gaart had merely subsided. But this he failed to do. Nor quickly enough,

"Send me to fight red men on the boundaries, gallant Commander," he complained to the Director-General, "or bid me march upon the guns of the Swedish forts, and I will cheerfully obey you; but the guarding of a pack of girl-devils, who can well-nigh drown a man, enters not into our compact."

And in spite of the stamping about and raging of the worthy Peter, Gaart utterly refused to be moved in his determination.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT

"THE STURDY MAIDENS HAD GATHERED THE CAPTIVE UP IN THEIR ARMS AND APPROACHED NEAR TO THE EDGE OF THE POND"

Their feelings, as well as those of the young women bound pondward without accustomed swains, can now be duly appreciated. For the other young women, in no particularly charitable frame of mind toward this substitute for their late bodyguard, took common cause with Anna, and the sad fate of Gaart was woeful enough. Drenched repeatedly from the contents of pails filled with water of varying degrees of soapiness and purity, he presented a particularly bedraggled and disconsolate appearance upon his return to the settlement.

Upon the following wash-day the most taciturn and inoffensive member of Stuyvesant's little army was detailed for the convoy task. But, no doubt emboldened by their first success, and willing to throw down the gauntlet of open defiance, he was treated with even more contumacy by the mischievous girls. And so it went with his reliefs in similar fashion for several weeks. At last they fairly capped the climax by

# A MODERN MIRACLE

## THE MAN WHO DREW THE BLANKS

By C. SILVESTER HORNE

With Drawings by Charlotte Harding

I CANNOT tell the story as he used to tell it, the dear old man, short of stature, with those pale-blue eyes which shone and twinkled in enjoyment of the narrative. Neither can I hope to suggest his vivid and pictorial style of telling it. How breathlessly I have myself hung upon his lips in agony of apprehension for the fate of the hero, as he dipped his hand into the—but that is to anticipate. I suspect that a critical listener—if any one could listen and remain critical, which I doubt—might have detected some vagueness as to date and place.

If my memory serves, the old gentleman told the tale as a story of the Carlist rising in Spain, and dated it about '34. But, it is fair to say, it may have been Mexico, or China, and any date you please. So now for the story.

The Generals had been in consultation all the morning. Hour after hour passed by, and the wretched prisoners, closely guarded, waited on in all the agony of suspense. There were four hundred of them in all, a few haggard women and half-starved children among them. As you may imagine, there was not much conversation. The men, for the most part, were dogged and sullen. Some of the younger ones assumed a mood of forced gayety which deceived no one. And still captives and captors stood watching for signs of movement about the entrance to the Generals' tent, which would announce the end of the conference, and that the fateful decision had been arrived at.

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At last, soon after noon, there was a murmur of excitement. The soldiers on guard drew themselves up in military fashion, and roughly constrained their prisoners into line. The Commander-in-Chief of the victorious Army emerged from the tent, mounted his horse, and advanced slowly to where the captured force was drawn up, as if he did not half like the duty he had to discharge. He held a paper in his hand, and as he reined up his horse and proceeded to read it, you might almost have heard the pulsations of four hundred hearts.

The substance of the message was awful. Every man, woman and child was to be shot; they would be allowed until six o'clock next morning to prepare themselves for death. The Generals were determined to strike terror into all hearts. Moreover, it was well known that provisions were scarce, and it was easier to shoot their prisoners than to feed them; so the four hundred were all doomed.

The scene that followed this frightful proclamation baffles description. Some of the male prisoners who had awaited it with most apparent unconcern broke into wild volleys of oaths and curses. Women screamed and shrieked for pity. Fathers clasped their children in their arms, as if with the intention of defending them. The children were the least moved in all the throng, for they hardly realized the danger.

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Such was the awful effect upon the condemned. But more serious, and of far greater moment, was the effect upon the victorious Army. Soldiers trained to find a terrible joy in battle have an unconquerable aversion to cold-blooded massacre and to shooting down defenseless men, women and children simply because they have fought a losing fight. Moreover, these prisoners were of their own flesh and blood, natives of the one fatherland; and the bitterness of civil war could not destroy the fact of their common race and lineage. The consequence was that in the course of an hour or two it became known to the Generals that their own troops were on the verge of mutiny.

Then there was further conference, held in hot haste, and lasting late like the other. The sun went down upon the misery of that doomed host, which had only death to look for with dawn. About ten o'clock the sound of a trumpet was heard through the camp, and confused noises as of troops rapidly mustering. Then followed a second proclamation. The Generals had decided to be less than just that they might be more than merciful. They would make an example of forty out of the four hundred; and as the fairest method of determining which of the prisoners should die, they would compel them to draw lots in the morning. Four hundred papers would be placed in a bag, and of these four hundred papers forty would bear a blood-red cross. The remainder of the papers would be blank. Every man, woman and child must draw out a paper, and for the forty who drew those with the red cross, death; for the rest, life.

It is in accordance with the law of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast, that if a man is told that one person out of every ten is to die a sudden death to-morrow, he will not believe that he himself can possibly be that one. He calculates on squeezing in somehow among the nine.

Yet when the morning actually dawned, and the prisoners were drawn up in one long line, the boldest among them might have been forgiven some thumping of the heart as he was bidden to thrust his hand into that fateful bag, wherein such a deadly leaven lay hidden amid a mass of innocent material.

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At the appointed hour an officer galloped up with the bag, shaking it as he went, that everyone might know that the tokens of life and death were fairly mixed. Then he dismounted, and the business of drawing lots began. There was breathless stillness in the camp, and it was curious to notice how the prisoners behaved under their ordeal. Some of them, when they drew a blank, waved the little white paper above their heads. Others, scorning any exhibition of emotion, strode away to the right of the ranks with most impassive countenances.

Farther and farther down the line moved the officer with the bag, and man after man drew out a white paper and took his place with those who had safely passed the ordeal. The first fifty drew blanks, the second fifty drew blanks, and, as you may imagine, the relief which came to them meant increased anxiety to those who had still to draw. Indeed, a low murmur of astonishment and indignation began to run through the three hundred left. Thereupon the officer shook the bag again, and putting in his hand stirred up the papers, after which the drawing proceeded as before.

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But it went much more slowly! At first a man had had one chance in ten to escape; but now those left had no more than one chance in seven. Hands moved reluctantly to the bag, and drew out the lots with hesitation. Indeed, only fierce threats on the part of the officer induced some to draw at all. And still the stream of white papers flowed from the bag, and men, ay, and women too, hurried to the right; but the space on the left, reserved for the doomed forty, was unoccupied. Even the officer was astonished when the two hundredth prisoner drew a blank and marched away with the white paper stuck prominently in his hat. Half of the whole number had drawn their lots; and of those left one in every five must die.

The officer took his bag aside, and made an examination by which he satisfied himself that the papers with the red cross on were actually lying with the rest, and that it was impossible to distinguish them by the feel. Then he shook up the contents of the bag once more, and resumed his duty. But neither searching nor stirring up of the papers changed the course of events. Fifty more blank lots were drawn; and then, at last, there was a movement, a stir of excitement, a murmur of sympathy.

Then they heard the frantic protests of the unfortunate prisoner whose arms were being strapped by the guard. He wildly exclaimed against his fate. Why was he to be shot when two hundred and fifty had escaped? It was monstrous! it was unfair, unfair! He would not submit. Then he began to plead and beg for mercy, and when that produced no effect, he screamed to his old comrades to save him from murder. Finally he was gagged as well as strapped, and borne off to the left, to the spot selected for the execution.

This horrible scene broke down the nerve of more than one among the miserable remnant of prisoners, and they began to drag the fateful papers more and more slowly to the light, hardly daring to look at them lest the awful red cross should be upon them. Still, from man to man the bag moved on, and no one drew a second death-paper dooming him to join the first victim. The third hundred had all passed through the ordeal, and only one of all the number had drawn the blood-red cross. The tension became well-nigh unbearable, for of the remainder almost every other man, woman or child must of necessity prepare to die. Presently the former ghastly scene was repeated—another victim was marched off to death; then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. Yet between these ill-fated wretches there had been many who had drawn blanks, so that at last an extraordinary result was reached. Then, only forty papers remained in the bag, and thirty-five bore the red-cross mark.

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The suspense was terrible. It was at this stage that the officer holding the bag advanced, and presented it to one whose face showed him to be a foreigner. He was bronzed; but he had the fair skin and light brown hair of the Englishman. There was an air of distinction about the man; and the officer looked at him with a puzzled expression, as if he would say: "How do you come to be here with this vermin?" The surprise in his face was not lost upon the Englishman, who, however, made no ado, but plunged his hand into the bag, drew out a white paper, held it up as if to satisfy the officer, then thrust his hands into his pockets, turned on his heel, and walked away—apparently the least concerned of all.

Before, however, he reached the ranks of those who had successfully passed the ordeal, a wild cry reached his ear, and he looked back. The man whose turn to draw had now come was a tall, haggard, fierce rebel; and he was prepared to try his fate without ado. But his wife, who stood next to him, threw herself between him and the bag, with a most affecting cry that they would pass by her husband. The poor creature was nearly beside herself with terror; and the soldiers were proceeding to unlock her arms from her husband's neck. Without a moment's hesitation, the foreigner stepped back to the ranks, and in a quiet, deferential way accosted the officer.

"Sir," he said, "it cannot matter to you whom you shoot. I will draw instead of this woman's husband. Let him take my place, and I will take his."

There was a murmur of admiration among the soldiers. The woman ceased her hysterical cries to look at the author of this strange interruption. There was a whispered consultation among the officers. At last one of them spoke.

"Do you quite understand that there are thirty-nine papers in this bag, and thirty-five of them are so marked that he who draws one of them must die?"

The stranger bowed.

"Then if, knowing that, you are prepared to draw for this man, we have no objection to offer."

The stranger, without a word, thrust his hand into the bag, drew out a paper, and held it up for all to see. It was a white one. He was safe once more.

"So far, so good," he said quietly; "the man is free, and I am free also. Now, by your leave, I will draw for the man's wife."

The soldiers gazed at him as if he were out of his senses. The officer held back the bag for a moment, and looked at him from head to foot. He was perfectly calm and at ease.

"You mean what you say?" muttered the officer.

"Sometimes," said the foreigner carelessly; "now, certainly."

"It's absolute madness," said another officer.

"It's a mad world," said the foreigner.

"Well, your life is your own to throw away if you will."

"Oh, but it's not thrown away yet," said the man. "Where is the bag?"

They handed him the bag, and he put his hand once again among the papers.

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The silence that held the whole crowd of people—soldiers and prisoners—was something awe-inspiring. The Englishman, alone, seemed perfectly unconcerned.

"One turn for luck," he said, stirring the papers up. "Now!" and he held the paper high above his head. It was a white one. He bowed to the man and his wife.

"We are so far fortunate," he said.

The man fell to the earth, and was about to clasp the wonderful stranger about the knees; but his wife was before him.

"Oh, sir!" she cried; "you have a charmed life; you have Heaven with you; you are good, or you have magic. Sir, you have listened to the wife; oh, that you would listen to the mother!"

In her fierce emotion she did not heed the efforts of her husband to restrain her. Every one was moved. The officers could not disguise their feelings. The Englishman was the only one who seemed collected.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Children, are there? That's coming it a little strong." He looked at her, musing, for a few seconds; and added, with a whimsical accent, "It's a little strong. But how many are there? There's only room left for two."

"These two, kind sir!" pleaded the woman. "Oh, sir, be their saviour, and the good God keep you from harm!"

"Two, are there?" said the man. "Very well, I will draw for the two." Then he said, with a sigh, "Heigho! and to think that a mere resemblance in the voice can make a man such a fool!"

Then turning to the officer, he said courteously, "Will you so far extend your indulgence as to allow me to draw again?"

"As you will," said the officer, but with marked consideration of tone.

"I am indeed beholden to you," he said, and slipped his hand into the bag. "Now, the question is, where those two papers are. Well, this for one shot!" and he drew out the paper and handed it to the officer. A clamorous shout arose. The paper was a white one.

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"You will have your children," he said to the woman, "for if I fail this time it will only be my life they will require."

He turned again to the bag, and said, "We will take the first that comes this time. No nonsense!"

He carelessly drew it out, shut in his closed hand, and held it there. All the Army seemed to have gathered round. There were eager faces, quivering lips, tearful eyes. But he was looking at his hand with a curious quizzical sort of smile.

"There's a handful of fate!" he said. Suddenly he opened his fingers and revealed the paper lying open on the palm of his outstretched hand.

It was a white one.

Then indeed such a cheer arose as has seldom been heard on this old earth.

The officer carried back the bag to the Generals' tent, where he reported what had happened. The Generals, discerning in it the finger of Providence, declared the lottery at an end, released the five victims, and proclaimed a general amnesty.

Wives and husbands were locked in each other's arms—parents clasped their little ones closer to their breasts. Then—as if to show their gratitude to the Englishman—they all surrounded him and thanked him with mingled tears and laughter. Was he not the preserver of their lives?

"Curious thing, the voice," said the man in camp that night, over a cigar. He was talking to the officer who had carried round the bag. "It's some years now since I heard the voice of a woman strangely like that voice. But for her I suppose I should never have been in this mess. Well, there's compensation everywhere; for, but for her I should never have got these poor wretches out of this trouble. So she's done me a good turn at last, and it makes up for a good many bad ones she's made me suffer. I'll forgive her now."—The Temple Magazine.

"THERE'S A HANDFUL OF FATE!"

to reek with the deadly August and September vapors, he sped away to the seashore and civilization. And every year he realized afresh how small a man he was in his own country and how large a figure he was growing to be in the Southwest.

Whether he really looked like Colonel Rhett's only son, who died the year before he came, is not of any particular interest; the Colonel thought that he did, and his heart clave to the boy from the first. Theron was good to the old soldier, who seemed to him an artless combination of rustic and aristocrat; and he was not aware that his goodness had any quality of condescension. The Colonel was a widower, with one child, a daughter; and Theron was glad when he began to perceive in his reveries a constant appreciation of Lee Rhett's sweetness. "Rather a sensible sort of a joke were I to fall in love with Lee," he mused. "After all, it is better to be well and strong in Arkansas than to die in Massachusetts, God bless her; and a Southern wife wouldn't be always wanting to go home. What a pretty way she has of holding her head, the little witch; and what funny things she says, and how innocent she is, and sweet! And it would just serve Aunt Milly right for her tantrums if I were to get married!"

It fell out very much as he had planned.

Lee accepted him, shyly; but he was not so much in love as to be blind to the signs of her affection; the Colonel rejoiced, with frank and exceeding joy; and Theron felt a placid satisfaction.

Was it only a month ago that all this was his? Why, out of his very security he had evoked regrets. He would grow pensive, of an evening, sitting on his veranda and watching the lights fade out of the gray bulk of the Colonel's house. He would wonder sometimes if he was not frittering his talents and his fine education away, in a mere rural lotus-eater's paradise. His heart would contract with a mighty pang because he had no grand passion for Lee. "Idiot!" he snarled, recalling his confidence; and, in a spasm of irritable anguish, he leaned with such force on the slight railing before him that it snapped under his grip. He laughed, the kind of laugh that a man jerks out of real, inexpressible self-disgust.

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"Finish the toll," he called to the white man; and then, bounding off the platform, he approached the little group waiting for their corn.

They looked up civilly at his approach, but with a visible embarrassment, and Pyram Gode nearly swallowed his quid of "Orphan Boy."

Old Man Rainey, who had always been a warm admirer of the young Northerner ever since they went on a bear hunt together, was the only one to speak.

"Laws! ain't it mighty hot to-day?" said he; "say, Mist' Dale, anything new 'bout them post-office robberies? We all is sorter hangin' round, waitin' on the comin' of the inspector. My boy says he seen him on the yon side o' the creek in a buggy with——" the old farmer cleared his throat, and his faded eyes evaded Theron's unconsciously stern gaze—"with Sheriff Vassall."

Unless an almost imperceptible hardening and settling in the lines may be called a change in a face, there was no change in Theron's.

"Rainey, I wish you would ask Baxter to see the inspector, if he comes, and fetch him over to the Colonel's and have them told there; I'm going to ride down to the creek and meet the Colonel, and we'll both be back before sundown."

Rainey assented stolidly; but the men watched Theron walk away with curious interest. They saw him speak a few words with the men at the mill, and then, just as the whistle sounded for closing, a bay horse galloped out of Theron's yard and dashed, tail and mane streaming in the hot air, along the road to the woods.

Theron did not turn his neck, but he knew that the men were staring after him.

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"I dare say they think I am going to light out," he thought. "Every man jack of 'em believes that I am a thief!"

He ground his teeth as he rode. "And how easy it would be to get out of the whole infernal folly of it, if——" He looked up at the glowing sky with an expression of bewildered torture. "If I didn't know—no, my God, I don't know! I only have a hideous, hideous suspicion!" He rode on, at the same furious pace, with his head on his breast. He rode until he came to the ford, where he expected to meet the Colonel, who had gone that afternoon to examine some horses offered in part payment of a note. The Colonel had said he would return by way of the lower ford.

Arrived at the ford, Theron halted, to wait. His mood was too impatient to permit him to remain, like a statue, upon his horse. Dismounting, he tied the creature to the limb of a tree, in the Southern fashion, by her bridle, thus leaving him free to pace up and down. Often had he felt the placid beauty of the scene, the great gum-trees bending their rich leafage over the narrow stream, the moss-painted trunks rising out of the water, and the vista of shady road beyond, dappled with sunlight. To-day he saw nothing, neither did he hear the birds trilling in the tree-tops, and the soft rustle of the breeze.

"I have to think it out, and I have to tell him," he kept saying. "Oh, Lee, my little, gentle Lee, how can I?" His mare turned an inquisitive eye on him, then surveyed the branch to which her bridle was slung and pulled at it, in an unobtrusive way. What a miserable, humiliating, useless agony it was, he was thinking. When did the first of the trouble come? Wasn't it more than a month ago that the Colonel came to him? People sending registered letters through the Silverhurd post-office complained that their money was lost.

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The Colonel, being postmaster, waxed angry. Theron thought it might be some one on the cars, but the Colonel explained that their inspector had finally narrowed the circle of inquiry down to their own territory. "You see," said the Colonel, "two mail routes intersect at our office"—making an angle out of his forefingers, with much earnestness—"the two mail-riders come in every evening, and the mail stays here all night and goes out in the morning, right straight to Zoar; don't wait no time at all, you may say, at Zoar, and that is why it looks like—why, good heavens, it looks like that money was stolen here!"

"Why couldn't it be stolen before it gets here?"

"Because it's been stolen on both roads, sir—both roads stopping here!"

"Well, why couldn't it have been stolen in the cars after it leaves here?"

"IT LOOKS LIKE THAT MONEY WAS STOLEN HERE"

"Because, sir, there is a third route, that strikes the railway at Zoar, and not a registered letter on that route has been tampered with! That's why, sir. Theron, there's been thieving right here, right in Silverhurd; and I propose to find out the thief!" He took an indignant turn across the narrow office (they were in the store at the time of the exciting discussion), then he approached Theron, with the half-wistful smile that his features often wore when he made a business proposition of any kind to the young Northerner. He had grown to an appreciation of the latter's superior shrewdness, and he was divided between a craving to win this uncommonly keen young man's approbation and a fear of his ridicule. Theron found his humility more amusing than pathetic, but of late it did not amuse him. "Yes?" said Theron.

"I've—I've sent for a lot of detective stories by a man named Doyle, and I'm studying them up—showing how to work up a case. What do you think of it?"

Theron did not deny himself a laugh, and he fancied that the Colonel looked wounded, although he was good-natured and protested that, anyhow, the time wasn't lost, for they were capital stories.

But after that he had said little, and Theron let him putter with clues, unmolested. It seemed to him that, of all possible detectives, the Colonel, who could only be kept by main force from going on the bonds of all his old army friends and giving credit at the plantation store to every miserable renter who had sickness and a large family, was the least likely to run a clever rascal to earth. And clever, Theron admitted the rascal to be. Ever since the first rumor of loss, the two partners had allowed no one except themselves to touch the mail. The mail-bag was locked at night and placed within a locked desk, either Theron or the Colonel keeping the key. The one clue that they seemed to have (though the Colonel made much more of it than Theron, thanks to his reading) was that, during comparatively careless days, when the key had been kept in the desk used for the letters, it had been lost all day and finally found in a place where the clerk who found it swore he had searched before.

Then, in addition to bolts and bars, a mastiff of approved fidelity, and a spry and vigilant little rat terrier had guarded the store. Yet, a week or so after this combination of vigilance and strength had been locked up nightly, Pyram Gode sidled up to the counter and reported the loss of a registered letter. Pyram was a sallow, complaining man, to whom the Colonel never gave credit since he had turned informer on a whisky peddler. He did not trade at the store, but he came there for his mail. "'Tain't the letter, reely," he explained, "that's ben lost; it's the money in it. I put in a five-dollar bill. Colonel seen me, and he registered the letter himself."

Theron, who had listened with an unusual grimness to his plaint, told him curtly that he would report it to the Colonel. He did not expect the Colonel to grin savagely. "Do you reckon he put any money in the letter?" growled he, under his white mustache. "They said he had something to do with the train robbers. He's just the kind of white-livered, plausible feller likely to do such a thing!"

"For God's sake, don't let us suspect people without good reason, sir!" Theron cried, with most unusual agitation.

"Well, never mind," said the Colonel, staring a little, "I have a clue. You needn't be afraid I shall do anything hastily—no, sir!" But, as the Colonel had done things hastily and not otherwise all his life, Theron was not relieved. He went away, because he, who prided himself on his composure, his man-of-the-world's steadiness, could not keep the muscles of his mouth from quivering, for he was sure it was not Gode.

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He had become interested and anxious, and seeing, with some amusement, that the Colonel was making his own researches, he determined to turn detective on his own account. "The dear old fellow is trying to astonish me with his successes," he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders. "I shall have to try to prevent his astonishing me with an awful break somewhere." So, many a night, secretly, had he entered the store and slept, as well as he could, on a rug downstairs. He did not go every night, but every night on his return from the Colonel's he used to walk around the store. Only once did he ever discover anything. That once changed his whole outlook on life.

It was the very night that, according to the register, Gode's letter must have been posted. Theron had spent a happy evening at the Colonel's. Lee had been gentler and sweeter than usual, and her father had laughingly forced her to exhibit certain dainty feminine bits of finery that she had been making, to her lover. "My little girl will have as pretty frocks as any of them," said he proudly, "if she does spend so little money. I often offer her money, and she won't take it; says I must save it to build the new store."

"Oh, summer things don't cost much money," said Lee, laughing and rumpling her father's silver hair; "one can be right fine on one's fingers and fifty cents."

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Then she had kissed her father, with an adorable blush, and Theron had assured himself that, by Jove, he really was genuinely in love at last. "How pastoral, how innocent it all is!" he exclaimed, as he walked home in the starlight. "All the detestable fever of our modern life isn't in it, here. I shall write Nell (Nell was his sister) that Lee is worth all the girls in Boston!"

He went home, singing:

"Her eyes are stars of morning,
Her lips are crimson flowers;
Good-night, good-night, beloved,
While I watch the weary hours!"

He wrote the letter to his sister, and then another to a college friend, and then, feeling too pleasantly excited for sleep, it occurred to him to go to the store. "Wouldn't it be a joke if I nabbed the fellow to-night," thought he. When he came within sight of the east wall of the store, which obliquely turns to the river and is approached first, his pulses gave a tingling bound. No, it was not imagination; there was a crack of light in one corner of the window. It was not wider than a knife edge, and, while his eyes strained after it, it wavered and disappeared.

Noiselessly he took one of the empty packing-boxes always near the store, carried it to the window, climbed up on it and fastened his eye to the crack. The shawl—the screen was a shawl; he could see the fringe—fluttered the least particle to one side; he could look into the post-office. He saw a portion of the desk. He saw letters strewn about, and a segment of the open mail bag, and a small alcohol lamp, making a blue, uncanny blaze, alongside a single candle. A cup of water was steaming above the blue flame. Some one sat on the high stool before the desk, lifting each letter, fingering it, at last selecting one and holding the flap over the steam of the lamp. The some one was Lee! He saw her pure, pale profile, rimmed in light; the light seemed to shine through the envelope, through the delicate fingers that lifted the flap and pulled out the bank note; but the rest was black. Did the insecure box give way?

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The light went out; he ran, noiselessly, swiftly, around the corner of the building. He thought that she must have gone to the window and raised it, ever so cautiously, for he heard a muffled creaking. She had extinguished the light. He panted a minute beneath the shelter of the steps; but all was still; and directly he ran down to the river, and so on, covered by the high banks, until he gained the fields behind his own house, and at last crawled into his own door. No sooner was he home, with a little breath back in his body, than he cursed himself for a fool, that he had not boldly called to Lee and demanded an explanation. At least, he would know the worst; but now—now, his brain burned itself out in miserable questions, accusations, denials, ravings. Why was she there, while her father slept, opening letters?

She came down to the store early next morning to buy a "very large, nice dish-pan." She looked as fresh and happy, in her blue-and-white gingham, with her broad hat with the white veil, and her crisp, white apron, as if she had stepped out of Arcadia. She blushed happily at his gaze. "Such an undignified tragedy!" groaned Theron to himself, while she discussed the merits of dish-pans.

He had a rush of relief at the thought that he must go that day to Memphis on business and be absent for several days. Perhaps when he came back this nightmare would have dissolved itself.

He did not know how he could ever get through the parting without betraying himself; but when the parting came, he kissed Lee with a novel and passionate tenderness.

All the time that he was at Memphis he was consumed by a longing to get back, only to see her, only to watch her every look and word, and tear out the squalid secret of this mystery. Never, when he had believed implicitly in Lee, had her image pursued him with such a haunting charm. Never had her gayety seemed to him so bright, her unselfishness so lovely, her simplicity so exquisite. "There must be some reason for it," he would plead, answering the sickening recoil of his reason and his pride when he remembered; "women are so queer in their notions; but, oh, if I could only wake up and find it all a dream, and my little Lee, just as I thought her, back again!" How very strong his hopes were he realized by the shock he felt when Gode spoke to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# A MODERN MIRACLE

## THE MAN WHO DREW THE BLANKS

By C. SILVESTER HORNE

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

I CANNOT tell the story as he used to tell it, the dear old man, short of stature, with those pale-blue eyes which shone and twinkled in enjoyment of the narrative. Neither can I hope to suggest his vivid and pictorial style of telling it. How breathlessly I have myself hung upon his lips in agony of apprehension for the fate of the hero, as he dipped his hand into the—but that is to anticipate. I suspect that a critical listener—if any one could listen and remain critical, which I doubt—might have detected some vagueness as to date and place.

If my memory serves, the old gentleman told the tale as a story of the Carlist rising in Spain, and dated it about '34. But, it is fair to say, it may have been Mexico, or China, and any date you please. So now for the story.

The Generals had been in consultation all the morning. Hour after hour passed by, and the wretched prisoners, closely guarded, waited on in all the agony of suspense. There were four hundred of them in all, a few haggard women and half-starved children among them. As you may imagine, there was not much conversation. The men, for the most part, were dogged and sullen. Some of the younger ones assumed a mood of forced gayety which deceived no one. And still captives and captors stood watching for signs of movement about the entrance to the Generals' tent, which would announce the end of the conference, and that the fateful decision had been arrived at.

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At last, soon after noon, there was a murmur of excitement. The soldiers on guard drew themselves up in military fashion, and roughly constrained their prisoners into line. The Commander-in-Chief of the victorious Army emerged from the tent, mounted his horse, and advanced slowly to where the captured force was drawn up, as if he did not half like the duty he had to discharge. He held a paper in his hand, and as he reined up his horse and proceeded to read it, you might almost have heard the pulsations of four hundred hearts.

The substance of the message was awful. Every man, woman and child was to be shot; they would be allowed until six o'clock next morning to prepare themselves for death. The Generals were determined to strike terror into all hearts. Moreover, it was well known that provisions were scarce, and it was easier to shoot their prisoners than to feed them; so the four hundred were all doomed.

The scene that followed this frightful proclamation baffles description. Some of the male prisoners who had awaited it with most apparent unconcern broke into wild volleys of oaths and curses. Women screamed and shrieked for pity. Fathers clasped their children in their arms, as if with the intention of defending them. The children were the least moved in all the throng, for they hardly realized the danger.

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Such was the awful effect upon the condemned. But more serious, and of far greater moment, was the effect upon the victorious Army. Soldiers trained to find a terrible joy in battle have an unconquerable aversion to cold-blooded massacre and to shooting down defenseless men, women and children simply because they have fought a losing fight. Moreover, these prisoners were of their own flesh and blood, natives of the one fatherland; and the bitterness of civil war could not destroy the fact of their common race and lineage. The consequence was that in the course of an hour or two it became known to the Generals that their own troops were on the verge of mutiny.

Then there was further conference, held in hot haste, and lasting late like the other. The sun went down upon the misery of that doomed host, which had only death to look for with dawn. About ten o'clock the sound of a trumpet was heard through the camp, and confused noises as of troops rapidly mustering. Then followed a second proclamation. The Generals had decided to be less than just that they might be more than merciful. They would make an example of forty out of the four hundred; and as the fairest method of determining which of the prisoners should die, they would compel them to draw lots in the morning. Four hundred papers would be placed in a bag, and of these four hundred papers forty would bear a blood-red cross. The remainder of the papers would be blank. Every man, woman and child must draw out a paper, and for the forty who drew those with the red cross, death; for the rest, life.

It is in accordance with the law of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast, that if a man is told that one person out of every ten is to die a sudden death to-morrow, he will not believe that he himself can possibly be that one. He calculates on squeezing in somehow among the nine.

Yet when the morning actually dawned, and the prisoners were drawn up in one long line, the boldest among them might have been forgiven some thumping of the heart as he was bidden to thrust his hand into that fateful bag, wherein such a deadly leaven lay hidden amid a mass of innocent material.

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At the appointed hour an officer galloped up with the bag, shaking it as he went, that everyone might know that the tokens of life and death were fairly mixed. Then he dismounted, and the business of drawing lots began. There was breathless stillness in the camp, and it was curious to notice how the prisoners behaved under their ordeal. Some of them, when they drew a blank, waved the little white paper above their heads. Others, scorning any exhibition of emotion, strode away to the right of the ranks with most impassive countenances.

Farther and farther down the line moved the officer with the bag, and man after man drew out a white paper and took his place with those who had safely passed the ordeal. The first fifty drew blanks, the second fifty drew blanks, and, as you may imagine, the relief which came to them meant increased anxiety to those who had still to draw. Indeed, a low murmur of astonishment and indignation began to run through the three hundred left. Thereupon the officer shook the bag again, and putting in his hand stirred up the papers, after which the drawing proceeded as before.

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But it went much more slowly! At first a man had had one chance in ten to escape; but now those left had no more than one chance in seven. Hands moved reluctantly to the bag, and drew out the lots with hesitation. Indeed, only fierce threats on the part of the officer induced some to draw at all. And still the stream of white papers flowed from the bag, and men, ay, and women too, hurried to the right; but the space on the left, reserved for the doomed forty, was unoccupied. Even the officer was astonished when the two hundredth prisoner drew a blank and marched away with the white paper stuck prominently in his hat. Half of the whole number had drawn their lots; and of those left one in every five must die.

The officer took his bag aside, and made an examination by which he satisfied himself that the papers with the red cross on were actually lying with the rest, and that it was impossible to distinguish them by the feel. Then he shook up the contents of the bag once more, and resumed his duty. But neither searching nor stirring up of the papers changed the course of events. Fifty more blank lots were drawn; and then, at last, there was a movement, a stir of excitement, a murmur of sympathy.

Then they heard the frantic protests of the unfortunate prisoner whose arms were being strapped by the guard. He wildly exclaimed against his fate. Why was he to be shot when two hundred and fifty had escaped? It was monstrous! it was unfair, unfair! He would not submit. Then he began to plead and beg for mercy, and when that produced no effect, he screamed to his old comrades to save him from murder. Finally he was gagged as well as strapped, and borne off to the left, to the spot selected for the execution.

This horrible scene broke down the nerve of more than one among the miserable remnant of prisoners, and they began to drag the fateful papers more and more slowly to the light, hardly daring to look at them lest the awful red cross should be upon them. Still, from man to man the bag moved on, and no one drew a second death-paper dooming him to join the first victim. The third hundred had all passed through the ordeal, and only one of all the number had drawn the blood-red cross. The tension became well-nigh unbearable, for of the remainder almost every other man, woman or child must of necessity prepare to die. Presently the former ghastly scene was repeated—another victim was marched off to death; then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. Yet between these ill-fated wretches there had been many who had drawn blanks, so that at last an extraordinary result was reached. Then, only forty papers remained in the bag, and thirty-five bore the red-cross mark.

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The suspense was terrible. It was at this stage that the officer holding the bag advanced, and presented it to one whose face showed him to be a foreigner. He was bronzed; but he had the fair skin and light brown hair of the Englishman. There was an air of distinction about the man; and the officer looked at him with a puzzled expression, as if he would say: "How do you come to be here with this vermin?" The surprise in his face was not lost upon the Englishman, who, however, made no ado, but plunged his hand into the bag, drew out a white paper, held it up as if to satisfy the officer, then thrust his hands into his pockets, turned on his heel, and walked away—apparently the least concerned of all.

Before, however, he reached the ranks of those who had successfully passed the ordeal, a wild cry reached his ear, and he looked back. The man whose turn to draw had now come was a tall, haggard, fierce rebel; and he was prepared to try his fate without ado. But his wife, who stood next to him, threw herself between him and the bag, with a most affecting cry that they would pass by her husband. The poor creature was nearly beside herself with terror; and the soldiers were proceeding to unlock her arms from her husband's neck. Without a moment's hesitation, the foreigner stepped back to the ranks, and in a quiet, deferential way accosted the officer.

"Sir," he said, "it cannot matter to you whom you shoot. I will draw instead of this woman's husband. Let him take my place, and I will take his."

There was a murmur of admiration among the soldiers. The woman ceased her hysterical cries to look at the author of this strange interruption. There was a whispered consultation among the officers. At last one of them spoke.

"Do you quite understand that there are thirty-nine papers in this bag, and thirty-five of them are so marked that he who draws one of them must die?"

The stranger bowed.

"Then if, knowing that, you are prepared to draw for this man, we have no objection to offer."

The stranger, without a word, thrust his hand into the bag, drew out a paper, and held it up for all to see. It was a white one. He was safe once more.

"So far, so good," he said quietly; "the man is free, and I am free also. Now, by your leave, I will draw for the man's wife."

The soldiers gazed at him as if he were out of his senses. The officer held back the bag for a moment, and looked at him from head to foot. He was perfectly calm and at ease.

"You mean what you say?" muttered the officer.

"Sometimes," said the foreigner carelessly; "now, certainly."

"It's absolute madness," said another officer.

"It's a mad world," said the foreigner.

"Well, your life is your own to throw away if you will."

"Oh, but it's not thrown away yet," said the man. "Where is the bag?"

They handed him the bag, and he put his hand once again among the papers.

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The silence that held the whole crowd of people—soldiers and prisoners—was something awe-inspiring. The Englishman, alone, seemed perfectly unconcerned.

"One turn for luck," he said, stirring the papers up. "Now!" and he held the paper high above his head. It was a white one. He bowed to the man and his wife.

"We are so far fortunate," he said.

The man fell to the earth, and was about to clasp the wonderful stranger about the knees; but his wife was before him.

"Oh, sir!" she cried; "you have a charmed life; you have Heaven with you; you are good, or you have magic. Sir, you have listened to the wife; oh, that you would listen to the mother!"

In her fierce emotion she did not heed the efforts of her husband to restrain her. Every one was moved. The officers could not disguise their feelings. The Englishman was the only one who seemed collected.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Children, are there? That's coming it a little strong." He looked at her, musing, for a few seconds; and added, with a whimsical accent, "It's a little strong. But how many are there? There's only room left for two."

"These two, kind sir!" pleaded the woman. "Oh, sir, be their saviour, and the good God keep you from harm!"

"Two, are there?" said the man. "Very well, I will draw for the two." Then he said, with a sigh, "Heigho! and to think that a mere resemblance in the voice can make a man such a fool!"

Then turning to the officer, he said courteously, "Will you so far extend your indulgence as to allow me to draw again?"

"As you will," said the officer, but with marked consideration of tone.

"I am indeed beholden to you," he said, and slipped his hand into the bag. "Now, the question is, where those two papers are. Well, this for one shot!" and he drew out the paper and handed it to the officer. A clamorous shout arose. The paper was a white one.

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"You will have your children," he said to the woman, "for if I fail this time it will only be my life they will require."

He turned again to the bag, and said, "We will take the first that comes this time. No nonsense!"

He carelessly drew it out, shut in his closed hand, and held it there. All the Army seemed to have gathered round. There were eager faces, quivering lips, tearful eyes. But he was looking at his hand with a curious quizzical sort of smile.

"There's a handful of fate!" he said. Suddenly he opened his fingers and revealed the paper lying open on the palm of his outstretched hand.

It was a white one.

Then indeed such a cheer arose as has seldom been heard on this old earth.

The officer carried back the bag to the Generals' tent, where he reported what had happened. The Generals, discerning in it the finger of Providence, declared the lottery at an end, released the five victims, and proclaimed a general amnesty.

Wives and husbands were locked in each other's arms—parents clasped their little ones closer to their breasts. Then—as if to show their gratitude to the Englishman—they all surrounded him and thanked him with mingled tears and laughter. Was he not the preserver of their lives?

"Curious thing, the voice," said the man in camp that night, over a cigar. He was talking to the officer who had carried round the bag. "It's some years now since I heard the voice of a woman strangely like that voice. But for her I suppose I should never have been in this mess. Well, there's compensation everywhere; for, but for her I should never have got these poor wretches out of this trouble. So she's done me a good turn at last, and it makes up for a good many bad ones she's made me suffer. I'll forgive her now."—The Temple Magazine.

"THERE'S A HANDFUL OF FATE!"

# THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

### Seventh Chapter

DESPITE her confidence in Wilmot's success, Muriel was very unhappy after he left for the North. His visits had become absolutely necessary to her enjoyment.

The first day after he had gone seemed the longest she had ever known. She avoided the observing eye of her mother as much as possible. Most of the day was spent in her room. There, in a private drawer, were his letters, copies of his printed stories, and notes she had jotted down in regard to plots after her talks with him.

As she sat before this little drawer and looked back on the past, a lump rose in her throat. It made her sad to think he would now be without what he had often said was so helpful to him—her suggestions and encouragement. She had several good cries. She always dried her eyes most carefully afterward, for fear that her mother would come in upon her suddenly.

But Mrs. Fairchild was considerate on that first day after Wilmot left. Indeed, if Muriel had looked in on her mother, in the solitude of her sitting-room, she would have seen that Mrs. Fairchild, too, was suffering with her. The gentle woman took up first one piece of needlework and then another, only to abandon them with weary sighs. She wandered out to her garden in the rear of the house, gave the gardener unnecessary advice, then went into the kitchen and talked to the cook about the dinner, all the time thinking of her only child's great grief.

She was training vines to climb up the summer-house, later on that sultry, cloudy afternoon, when she saw Muriel come downstairs dressed for a walk.

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Mrs. Fairchild laid down her shears and stepped from the chair on which she was standing. Then she went across the grass to her daughter, smiling sweetly.

"Are you going for a walk, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," said the girl, drawing on her gloves as she descended the veranda steps.

Mrs. Fairchild sighed.

"Daughter, are you going to see Mrs. Lee?"

Muriel did not look at the speaker as she answered:

"Yes, mother."

"I don't—I hardly think I would—so soon, anyway. You know how apt people are to talk."

"But I am going, mother dear," replied Muriel firmly. "I think I ought to go to see her."

"But you have never called on her, or Laura, and you know——"

"All the more reason why I should go now," interrupted Muriel. "Mother, if I had gone away yesterday, and you were alone at home, you might be glad to have a friend of mine drop in. Now wouldn't you, dear?—tell me truly."

Mrs. Fairchild acknowledged defeat by her words of implied acceptance of the situation.

"Well, don't stay late, dear. You must not think me unsympathetic. Your trouble is mine. Go; do as you like; but, darling, it's awfully hard to know I haven't all your love. Now, I suppose you will love his mother. I wouldn't blame you; she is a dear soul; but——"

"My precious, silly mamma," Muriel said gently, "no one shall ever take your place in my heart. You've got the best place in it, dear." She kissed her mother with loving tenderness—then, with a fond and encouraging smile, she turned away.

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As she approached the home of the Lees, Muriel saw Mrs. Lee rocking back and forth on the front veranda. She was glad, for bowing to the old lady from the front gate deprived her visit of the appearance of formality. She tried to make it appear as if she were only out walking for pleasure, and was drawn in by seeing Mrs. Lee on the veranda.

"I thought I might be able to cheer you up a little, Mrs. Lee," she said, as the old lady rose and held out her hand. "Of course, I know of Wilmot's leaving, and I can imagine this first day must be a very dull and lonely one for you."

"The bluest one I ever spent, I do believe," said Mrs. Lee. "I'm so glad you came. It's very good of you." She went into the hall and brought out a chair. "Sit down. Won't you spend the evening?"

Muriel told one of those white lies of society, and murmured something about not having time to stay long, but, in contradiction to her words, settled herself in the old arm-chair as if time were no factor in her life.

"He and I have been such companions, and such good friends, that I miss him very much, too," she remarked.

The old lady rocked nervously.

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"If I only knew it would come out all right," she said plaintively, "it would be altogether different. But I can't imagine how he is going to get along, away up there in a strange city, without any business or—money. It seems such a great risk."

Muriel felt glad she had come as she answered eagerly and encouragingly:

"You must not feel that way, Mrs. Lee. Wilmot is going to do wonderful things in New York. I know he will."

Mrs. Lee brought her chair to a stand. Her hand quivered as she raised it to her mouth.

"Do you really believe that, Muriel?" she questioned. "Do you, really?"

"As confidently as I can believe anything in the world," said the girl. "He has wonderful talent—it really amounts to genius. It will be impossible for the public to fail to appreciate his novel."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you talk that way," cried Mrs. Lee. "He is such a good boy, and does love his writing so much. I am absolutely ignorant of such matters, and I have heard so many folks talk against a young man doing story-writing. You know most everybody here thinks he is throwing his time away. Miss Sarah Benson called this morning to talk over the literary club-meeting with Laura. Laura has just joined. I asked Miss Sarah if she had read any of Wilmot's stories, and she hadn't a word to say about them. She said her time was taken up so much with managing the classical books the club had picked out that she hadn't a minute to give to little, short stories in papers. She said she didn't believe in wasting time on the writings of people who were unknown."

"But the world at large, fortunately, is not like Miss Sarah," said Muriel consolingly. "She sneers at everything that doesn't bear a big name, and thinks she knows everything about literature that's worth knowing. But"—Muriel's indignation was waxing higher—"the world at large reads the stories by new writers, and if they're good they have the courage of their convictions and declare it. Miss Sarah's club rarely opens its doors to real home talent. If the home talent will only read its productions before the club the members will land it to the skies, but the home talent that seeks an audience actually one million times larger is promptly tabooed. If Miss Sarah's club could possibly teach me anything about books I would join it, but when it comes to any well-educated girl gaining anything by hearing little Maudie Simmons simper over a 'paper' on the Limitations of the Historical Novel, it's not enthralling. I'm sure I couldn't endure it."

Mrs. Lee laughed heartily for a moment.

"I declare, I think you are right, Muriel. Laura says the girls don't compose what they read. They say our minister's sermons are being neglected because he writes nearly all the compositions for the girls in town. I know that Laura never can talk about one of her subjects a week after she has studied about it."

"I don't mean to be severe," said Muriel, elated over having amused the old lady, "and I would not say anything if they would only see the merit in Wilmot's stories."

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A shadow fell across Mrs. Lee's sweet old features, and she seemed discouraged.

"They predict that he will amount to nothing, now that he has given up the law," she sighed. "Several of the neighbors have been in to talk about it. They all seem to think I am to be pitied, and that their mission in life is to do the pitying."

Muriel's eyes flashed; her face grew hot.

"They shall see," she said. "It won't be long, either, before his book is out, and then they will hear from him. It won't be long before he'll show them what he is."

"IS THIS THE PEN HE USED?" ASKED MURIEL

"I do hope it will be so," said Mrs. Lee. "When people thought he was doing nothing because he had no cases in court, he was sitting in his room upstairs every night reading and writing till almost morning. I could tell when he went to bed, for the light of his lamp always shone on that oak tree out there. Sometimes I'd wake up at one or two o'clock and the light would be as bright as ever, and he'd be up writing."

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Muriel looked at the staircase in the hall.

"I did not know which was his room," she said. "I have often wondered about it while passing."

"It is up under the roof," remarked the old woman. "It is such a queer place. He left it just as it was. I've a good mind to show it to you—that is, if you'd like to see it."

"I should like it very much," the girl said, after a moment's hesitation in which her mother's warning face flashed before her mental vision.

"Come on, then," Mrs. Lee laughed. "I don't know what he would say. I am sure he could not care at all at your seeing it."

They ascended the old-fashioned narrow stairs and went into the little room under the sloping roof. It was, indeed, a queer-looking place. The rafters had been quite bare, but Wilmot had covered them and the walls with dark blue cloth. The cloth had bulged out between the brass-headed tacks and made it look like a padded cell curiously decorated. On the wall of one entire side the cloth was hidden by a great collection of posters of magazines and books. Some of these were framed in natural wood and were under glass.

A German student-lamp stood in the centre of a little square table on which lay some sheets of ink-saturated blotting-paper. A pen lay beside an uncorked ink-bottle.

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"Is this the pen he used?" asked Muriel.

"Yes," was Mrs. Lee's reply. "I suppose he thought it was not worth taking, it is such a cheap one, and is about worn out."

The eyes of the two women met. There was something in Muriel's that Mrs. Lee was not deep enough to understand. Perhaps it was because her own love affair lay so deeply enveloped in the shadows of past years. Finally a thought occurred to her; she received it telepathically through the mediumship of Muriel's eyes.

"Perhaps you would like to have it, since—since you are such a good friend of his and count so much on his success," stammered the old woman.

"I was almost on the point of asking for it," confessed the girl, flushing.

"Oh, you are welcome to it," said Mrs. Lee. "We have no need for it. Mr. Lee brings them home by the dozen."

"Thank you so much." Muriel put the pen in her pocket and looked about the room. Mrs. Lee moved to the mantelpiece, over which were fastened pictures of great authors, actors and musicians. The mantelpiece was filled with photographs of Wilmot's friends, but there was a vacancy in the centre, as if something was missing. Mrs. Lee noticed the spot.

"I said nothing had been changed, but I see he has taken your picture. It always stood right here, back of this little china plate. He always kept water in the plate, and when he came in through the garden he would gather flowers and place them there."

Muriel felt a tightness in her throat; her eyes grew moist; there was a mist before her sight. She sank into a chair. He must really love her, then. Putting flowers before her picture seemed to her, in a certain way, to symbolize worship, like burning incense before the picture of a saint. And this was the Wilmot that Dadeville had dared to make the subject of their idle gossip!

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"He was always such a good child before he grew up," said the old lady. "He was unlike his brother that died. He really was the only one that kept up the habit of kissing me every morning when he went out, and every evening when he came in. That made him my favorite. Until he began to displease his father by writing, I never had one unhappy moment about him."

"Mr. Lee will some day understand him, and be the—the proudest man in Dadeville," said Muriel, leaning her head on her hand and resting her elbow in contentment on the ink-stained table. She had a happy, restful feeling that she had a right there; that the surroundings, the very atmosphere of the place, belonged to her. It was a feeling she could not have put into words, but it was there—the heart is so much more clever than the head.

"You have made me feel almost happy," said Mrs. Lee. "I am so glad you came to see me. It was so thoughtful. I was so lonely. No one else has thought of anything to say except to predict Wilmot's failure up there. I hope you will come whenever you can. It seems strange to me that I should—like you so much all at once. But I suppose it is because we both have Wilmot's interest at heart."

"That must be it, Mrs. Lee," answered Muriel, rising and moving toward the door. The sky outside had darkened. The small single window let in little of what remained of the daylight. She wanted to get away before Laura Lee came home.

That night, in her room, Muriel prepared for sleep. Then she took out the old pen, held it in her hand and kissed it. She then laid it away in the drawer containing Wilmot's letters, and fell on her knees and prayed for him; prayed for his success; prayed that he might be kept true and noble.

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### Eighth Chapter

IN THE afternoon Chester came into Wilmot's room while the latter was working on a short story he had begun in the South.

"Sorry I did not see you this morning," he began. "I had some business to attend to down in Newspaper Row, and could not get back in time to ask you to lunch with me at the Authors' Club; we will go some other day. But I have made an engagement for us, this afternoon, to attend a reception at the Galatin, given by Dorothea Helpin

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Woman Who Trusted, Mr. Harben's serial story of literary life in New York, was begun in No. 48 of the POST.

Langdon. You know who she is; she edits the Young People's Pastime, and is Kitty Caruthers on The Advance."

Wilmot hesitated, glancing at his manuscript, from which he had risen.

"Don't you think it rather early for me to—— ?"

"Not a bit of it; the sooner the better," interrupted Chester. "Your book will soon be out, and the newspaper people you will meet there will help to set your literary ball rolling. Dorothea may ask you to contribute something to The Pastime. We boys call her Dorothea, but never to her face. Humanity is divided into two great classes—one you instinctively call by their first names, the other it would seem the height of impropriety to address without handles and titles. Dorothea belongs to the first class. It is not familiarity on our part; we are simply fulfilling the letter of what is preordained. But, as Kipling says, 'that's another story.' You will go with me this afternoon?"

"But——" Wilmot looked down at his clothes.

"Oh, rubbish! you'll be the best-dressed man there; your frock coat fits you as if you had been melted into it. You are going to be called the handsomest man in New York this season."

Wilmot frowned and then smiled, half at the compliment and half at his folly in being irritated at its extravagance.

"The handsomest man in New York is at your disposal," he said, bowing with mock deference.

"You'll meet a lot of log-rollers," laughed Chester, sitting down. "Dorothea made me tell her all I knew about you and your work. I assure you I boomed you to the limit of my imagination. She will, in her turn, impress your greatness on her guests, and you must not deny anything; its inartistic. Poise yourself so that the really intelligent will think you take the booming as a joke, and the others as truth. The better element will be hidden behind curtains and seated in retired corners, so, in the main, you'd better play the dignity act."

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Wilmot might have enjoyed the jesting mood Chester was in had he not noticed the dark rings round his eyes, the sallow paleness of his face, the nervous movements of his hands, and remembered Mrs. McGowan's gossip.

"Chester," he said suddenly, "you did not tell me Weyland had a daughter."

Chester started.

"Didn't I?" he asked slowly. "Surely you have forgotten; but how did you know he—that there was a young lady?"

"We happened to meet in the landlady's room this morning. She ran in to see about something—I think it was to leave a note, a message or something, for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Chester; "are you sure?"

"Quite sure; she left it with Mrs. McGowan."

Chester tried to disguise his agitation as he rose. "I—I'll run down and see about it," he said. "Mrs. McGowan was not in when I came up. Perhaps it is something Miss Weyland wants me to attend to. Be ready at four, old man; I don't want to disappoint Mrs. Langdon—so be prompt."

The Galatin was a large modern hotel in West Twenty-fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Langdon's apartment was up on the seventh floor.

"Looks like an awful crush," remarked Chester, as the elevator stopped, and a buzz of many voices reached their ears from the end of a corridor branching off toward the right. Chester piloted Wilmot along a narrow passage to a dressing-room behind the salon. Here hats, canes, umbrellas and wraps were piled up carelessly on the bed, tables, chairs, and on the floor.

"Dorothea's boudoir," explained Chester, when the white-aproned maid had departed with their cards. He picked up a silver-backed hair-brush and struck at his thick hair. "I say, Lee," leaning close to the mirror of the dressing-table, "am I not looking awfully thin and sallow?"

"A little, perhaps," replied Wilmot, "but——"

"It's my liver, old man," ran on Chester, as if he had not caught Wilmot's hesitating reply. "It's all out of order. I know I am not in good form. The truth is, I am overworked."

Wilmot could formulate no suitable reply; he was saved from the necessity of it by the reappearance of the maid to conduct them to meet the guests in the drawing-room.

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As they entered the large room, from which every suggestion of daylight had been carefully excluded so that the effect of the electric lights, beneath daintily tinted globes and gauzy silken shades, might be observed, Wilmot was struck with the beauty of the scene, and felt his pulse quicken with a sensation he had never experienced. As they entered, Mrs. Langdon approached from a group of ladies and gentlemen in the centre of the room.

"Oh, Mr. Chester!" she exclaimed. "I was just wondering if you had proved false; writers never keep appointments except with a pen and manuscript. No, no; no conventionality, please," she laughed, raising a heavily jeweled hand to oppose Chester's introduction. "I already know Mr. Lee by reputation. I have read your sketch that everybody is talking about, the Repentance of—what's his name, and know you will be heard from. We are going to look to you for the great American novel; *n'est ce pas*, Monsieur Chester?"

Wilmot bowed over her hand. He was vaguely disappointed. He had never read a line she had written, but he had heard of her influence as an editor of a child's magazine, and as a writer of articles about women and their progress, and he had expected her to have less the manner and appearance of a thorough society woman. Her cheeks were thin, her face was slightly rouged and powdered. The words she uttered were shallow enough to have been spoken by a parrot.

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Wilmot could hardly remember what he said; he only knew that he did not speak from his heart. Already he had caught the plague of insincerity. Fortunately relief came; the maid was showing in new visitors. As Mrs. Langdon began to smile and bow to them, he caught sight of his reflection in a pier-glass across the room, and felt ashamed to see it there. He hoped he would not be introduced to any of the many people whom Chester was greeting so effusively. He felt a great yearning for a seat in one of the book-lined alcoves, or, that failing, to be allowed to stand undisturbed, like the statues in the corners. It seemed silly of Chester to be shaking hands on a level with people's eyes. It looked like one of the calisthenic exercises he learned at school. For five minutes' talk, alone, with Muriel, he would have given an eternity of time spent with these people. It all jarred upon him. In an instant, somehow, the idea of a menagerie, with animals walking about in gilt cages, came to him.

"Ah, there's Mrs. Sennett!" Chester exclaimed. "She was with Mrs. Langdon this morning, and said she wanted to meet you. We must go over to her. She's a rich widow; her specialty is young men of talent. She is Guardian Angel in Extraordinary to Adolescent Genius. They say she educated Tarpley, the Chicago painter. Come over and fall prostrate at her feet."

Mrs. Sennett appeared to be about fifty years of age. Some of her friends declared that she was five years older. She did not use rouge, but it was said that she began so early in life to patronize a certain practitioner in the art of smoothing away wrinkles that her face was much younger-looking than her Maker had intended. A disciple of Delsarte, her movements had the grace of mature youth, as she drew her skirts aside for Wilmot to sit beside her.

"I've been anxious to meet you, Mr. Lee," she said, smiling on him; "I have heard of you and your work—and you know I take an extraordinary interest in authors."

"You know me with the title of author, Mrs. Sennett? I've really not made a beginning," said Wilmot, reddening with vexation as he thought of the false position Chester had put him in.

"Oh, how absurd!" exclaimed the widow, touching his arm playfully with her tinseled fan; "the critics are all ready to review your writings; your book will soon be on everybody's table, and—oh, lots of other things! Tell me, really, how it feels. I've viewed authorship only from the orchestra seats; tell me how it feels on the stage."

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Her eyes wandered from his face to the doorway, through which a tall, beardless man with long black hair was entering.

"That's Charles Herbert Murray," she said behind her fan; "he belongs to the Wrenshall stock company, and does 'leading' rôles in all their new plays. He's a great celebrity. Watch Dorothea smirk and bend before him. She has never before been able to entice him here. See if she doesn't have a whole column about him in The Advance to-morrow. She stopped mentioning the Wrenshall plays all at once and filled up her theatrical space with other plays; that showed Murray her value; then she sent him her card for this 'At Home'—and he came. Dorothea is never happy unless she is leading some lion round by a string. But she is very clever—almost too clever to be a good friend."

Mrs. Sennett paused for a moment, and eyed Wilmot critically, in a panoramic glance that took him in from head to foot—then she said:

"You are going to make it, without doubt. I predict it!"

"Make what?" asked he wonderingly.

"A social success this season. I have never seen any one with more of the necessary qualifications. Right now, I am the envy of all those young ladies, over there in that group, because I happen to know you. Not even Murray himself is attracting so much attention; you see, it's known that he's engaged, and an actor always wraps the mantle of oblivion around him when he becomes engaged. Ah, there is Weyland and his pretty daughter," Mrs. Sennett rattled on, in an affectedly girlish manner; "I wonder why he brought her here. I have heard he would not let her know Dorothea. I'd risk anything Dorothea has thrown out a hint that she's going to have her portrait painted for exhibition in Paris or London. Even men as clever as Weyland will lay aside prejudice for an advertisement. Do you not think she is very pretty, Mr. Lee?"

"Quite," answered Wilmot, "and she looks as sincere and good as she is pretty."

"Decidedly out of place in this crowd, it seems to me," remarked Mrs. Sennett, with a touch of honesty in her tone that Wilmot liked more than her previous gossip.

"I've heard that your friend, Mr. Chester, admires her very much."

"They are warm friends, I believe; he and Weyland are very intimate."

"You are a mystery to me! You don't seem a bit vain," laughed Mrs. Sennett; "the young women are anxious to know you, and yet you've flattered me with ten minutes of your undivided attention. There's a bold girl elbowing her way toward us now; it would be just like her to dare to——"

A young woman in a simple tailor-made gown had crossed the room, and was now standing very near the surprised widow.

"Present me, please, Mrs. Sennett," she whispered, loud enough for Wilmot to overhear; "I must get back to the office by seven, and I have another tea to take in."

"I don't see how I can, Miss Hatch," replied Mrs. Sennett, "you see—why, ask Dorothea—she——"

"She's too busy," hastily answered the young woman; "besides, she'd be afraid I'd get a news item. Well, I suppose I shall have to do it *myself*." The speaker turned to Wilmot.

"I beg pardon," she said to him, "this is Mr. Lee, I think?"

"It is," said Wilmot, rising and bowing.

"I am Miss Hatch, of the Afternoon Progress," the reporter continued glibly. "I hope you won't think me bold, but I'm a newspaper woman, and have to be forward sometimes. I was sent up here by my paper to get 'copy.' Do, please, talk fast, for there's another newspaper woman over there trying to devise some less heroic method than mine to get at you. I overheard Mrs. Langdon speaking about your new book and your work in the South, and I thought you mightn't object to talk for publication."

"There's really nothing to be said," replied Wilmot awkwardly. "I am only a beginner."

"But you have had a novel accepted?"

"Yes, but——"

"How very lucky you are for a beginner! Are your publishers in New York?"

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She had taken a tiny note-book and pencil from her pocket, with the fervor of a war-correspondent sketching the charge of a regiment.

"I don't think I care to say anything for publica——"

"Is the title a secret?" asked the girl, stabbing her lips with the tip of the pencil, and clutching her note-book with a fresh grasp as she began to write. "And would you mind giving me a hint as to the general character, or purpose, of the book? But, first of all, who are your publishers?"

"Wellington & Clegg," Wilmot said slowly; "but, frankly, Miss Hatch, I do not desire to have my book mentioned at present. My publishers will in due time, I believe, send out an announcement to the press, and I should not like to be quoted as saying anything beforehand."

"Wellington & Clegg!" exclaimed the reporter, looking up in astonishment. "How unfortunate! Haven't you heard the news?"

"News, what news? I don't understand."

"I see you don't know," went on the young woman; "of course you don't! I should not have known it myself if my editor had not telephoned me, only half an hour ago, to run in there and get all the information possible. Why, they've gone all to pieces—Wellington & Clegg have! The sheriff took charge of their place only an hour ago. It is said their liabilities will reach half a million. I am awfully sorry for you, Mr. Lee! Edgar Prenness, a friend of mine, was there, and the poor fellow was almost crying with disappointment. His manuscript was not sold to them outright, but he said all accepted manuscripts would be held till a settlement's made, and that may take time."

Wilmot turned cold. He had a dim impression that Miss Hatch was studying his features with the eye of a vivisectionist, and that Mrs. Sennett was giving his coat-tail a gentle, surreptitious tug. He saw Chester bending over Miss Weyland at the piano, a tender, half-fearful expression in his eyes, and Mrs. Langdon in close conversation with the girl's father before a portrait of Dorothea on the wall. What would Muriel think of it? How could he tell her? A thousand thoughts seemed turning in the kaleidoscope of his mind. Wilmot tried to say something to the young woman at his side, but no words would come to him.

"It must be a great blow to you," said Miss Hatch, drawing a cross-mark over the words she had just written. "It was Mr. Prenness' first book. It had been refused by eight publishers. He says even if he had it back it would only remain on his hands."

"Don't let a little thing like that bother you, Mr. Lee." It was Mrs. Sennett's voice, and the widow stood up and glared at Miss Hatch. "Sit down and try to think of something else."

"You're very kind," replied Wilmot, at the same time bowing to Miss Hatch, who was moving away, happy in her new importance, like a Nihilist who has thrown a bomb.

"I couldn't keep from overhearing what that meddlesome woman said," went on the widow, "and I can't tell you how sorry I am. We must look about and see what can be done. Run up to my rooms—third floor in this house—any day, and take tea with me. I am always in at four."

Something in the woman's tone vaguely soothed him, but he hardly heard what she was saying. He was thinking of Muriel Fairchild—she who had counted so much on his success. If he could only get out of this stifling hothouse atmosphere into the fresh air, where he could think and be alone.

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He saw Chester and Miss Weyland coming toward him. "I'm awfully sorry, old man," said the former. "Miss Hatch has just told me about the failure. But never mind, we'll see what can be done; I'll help you look into it."

"Such a pity," remarked Miss Weyland to Mrs. Sennett. "He has only been in the city two days, and this is the sort of welcome he gets. Oh, these publishers make me furious! They are never reliable!"

"I think we'd better go, Lee," said Chester. "I fancy you don't care to talk the matter over with strangers, and they will surround you in a minute."

"I am ready," replied Wilmot; "you are all very kind."

"I feel almost like crying," said Mrs. Sennett, clasping his hands. "I'd give anything to lessen your disappointment!"

"Oh, it'll come out all right," replied Wilmot, with an effort to appear indifferent, turning his disappointment off with a smile that cost him a pang. He didn't like to wear his emotions in armor, but he must.

"Don't forget my invitation," was the parting reminder of the widow. "Remember I am in every afternoon at four."

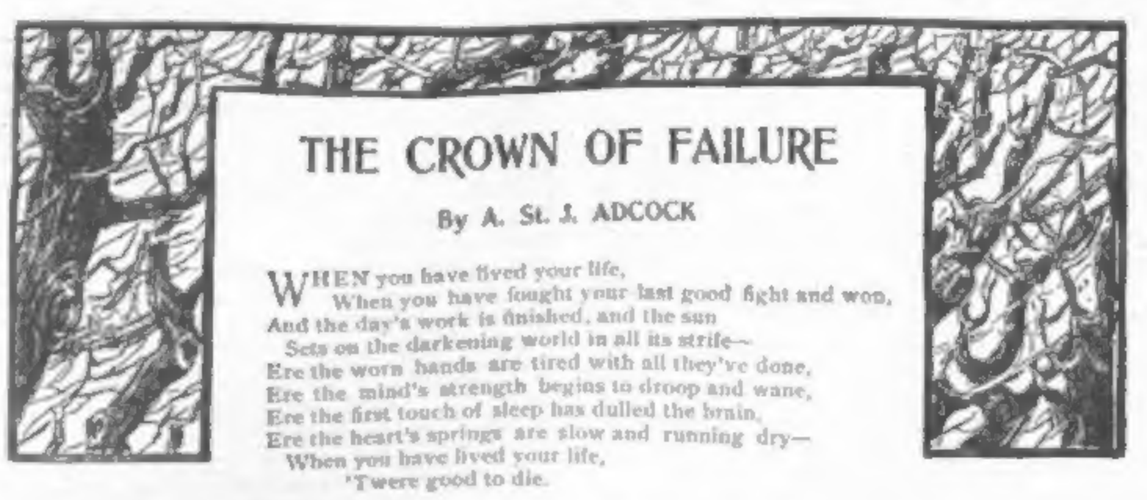
"Thanks, I shall not forget," replied Wilmot.

"Take him right up to the studio," he heard Miss Weyland say to Chester. "We'll join you before long. I'd go back with you, but papa wants me to meet Lady Stuart. Mrs. Langdon told him that she wants a portrait; he thought if I met her Lady Stuart would feel more at ease in the studio—you understand."

"I thought I'd have a talk with Frank Harrison, if he is in his rooms," answered Chester; "we'll wait for you there."

As they passed out, for a moment Wilmot felt an uncontrollable longing for Muriel. He felt he could not bear it all without the soothing magnetism of her voice to calm his disappointment. He felt that it was almost weakness to be so dependent. He little knew that the world's greatest men are those who are most dependent on one woman, finding courage and inspiration from one source in little words and acts of love, like hidden rivers that feed the ocean.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## THE CROWN OF FAILURE

By A. St. J. ADCOCK

WHEN you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on the darkening world in all its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal, but may not enter in—
'Twere better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast
With glorious life; if you must fall at last,
Such end were best with all your hope and all
Your spirit in its youth,
Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by;
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boast and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.—Chambers's Journal.

# MISS BELINDA'S LOVE-LETTERS

Then the angel took heed to a woman's cry:
"Give me love in my life, or, alas! I die:
For in spite of my beauty, and rank, and wit,
I grow selfish and hard for the lack of it."
—The Children of Men.

By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

THE two Misses Lang, of Lang Hall, were the patron saints of the little village of Langton. The guiding spirit *par excellence* was Miss Philippa. She was Miss Lang by right, but we always called her Miss Philippa, since the Christian names of people who have lived all their lives in one place become public property.

She was a tall, dark, stately lady, who ruled everybody with a rod of iron—notably her younger sister, Belinda, who never presumed to call her soul her own, but seemed to take it on lease from Miss Philippa, as if it had been one of the Lang Hall farms. Miss Belinda was ten years younger than her sister, and was a gentle, beringleted creature, with a face which Nature had intended to be sweet, but which circumstances had turned slightly sour.

But even Miss Belinda's sourness had nothing harsh or biting about it; her sweetness had become stale and flat, rather than actively acid, and her discontent was more peaceable than many people's contentment. She was a confirmed invalid, having hurt her back in a carriage accident while she was quite young, and never having walked afterward, and she and Miss Philippa reigned in dual state up at Lang Hall, their parents having died long before my time. All the children born in Langton were duly brought up in the fear of Miss Philippa and the love of Miss Belinda, and the little girls were usually christened Belinda and the boys were generally named Philip.

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"My dear," said Miss Belinda to me one day when I was sitting by her sofa in her dainty, old-fashioned boudoir, "does it ever strike you what a wonderful woman my sister Philippa is?"

I remarked that my mind had ever been impressed by the wonder of Miss Philippa.

"But not at all clinging in her nature," continued Miss Belinda. "I cannot imagine Philippa's heart as being hungry for love, can you, 'Linda, dear?"

(Being a girl, born in Langton, I was naturally named Belinda.)

"No," I replied; "Miss Philippa always seems strong enough to stand alone."

"That is just it, dear child," continued the invalid in her soft, cooing voice. "And I think that strong natures, such as my beloved sister's, find it difficult to understand such weak, impulsive, loving souls as mine. Dear Philippa is always kind to me—most kind—but I sometimes fear that she deems me a little weak, not to say foolish."

"Oh! I am sure you are wrong there; Miss Philippa is much too fond of you to ever think you foolish. But you and she are so totally different that it must be often difficult for you to see eye to eye in things."

"Exactly so, dear. Philippa has always, even when she was a young woman, been so wise and staid, but I was ever a silly, romantic thing. That is one reason why I enjoy your company so much, 'Linda. Though I am growing old, my heart is still as fresh as it was when I was seventeen, and it delights to sun itself in your society."

"And I always love to be with you."

"That is so sweet of you, my dearest child. It makes me very happy to feel that my little 'Linda loves me. I have been hungry for love all my life."

Then the faded face grew quite pink as she continued: "Do you know that I, even at my age, have a lover, 'Linda?"

"Have you really, Miss Belinda? How very interesting! Do tell me about it."

"I will, dear child," she answered, lowering her voice mysteriously; "but we will drop the subject if Philippa comes in. Not that she does not know of it, for I should never think of doing anything without my sister's knowledge, but she might think that you ought not to hear about such things."

"Oh, it won't hurt me. I have had—I mean heard of—such things before."

"Very well, dear. You must understand that Philippa does not actually disapprove of love-making."

"Do, please, tell me your love-story, Miss Belinda; I am longing to hear it."

"Well, once upon a time," began the gentle spinster with much delight, "a very handsome and attractive young gentleman—George Leslie by name—stayed here for several weeks in my dear father's lifetime. I certainly thought he seemed to find both my person and my society agreeable; but it does not do for young girls to build too much upon their own impressions, does it?"

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"Certainly not; they often get their fingers burned if they do."

"Exactly, dear child. Moreover, a young girl cannot be too modest and retiring in a matter of this kind. It shocks me to hear of women who give what they call encouragement to the men they think admire them."

Personally, I hadn't so much confidence in the non-encouraging plan of campaign as the ladies of the last generation seem to have had, but I wisely suppressed my private views on the subject, and merely said:

"I suppose so."

"Well, 'Linda, George left us without having said anything definite, but still having made a very pleasant and gratifying impression on my mind, and I was full of hope for the future, as young girls are apt to be. But, alas! my accident intervened, and I lay unconscious for weeks."

"How dreadful!" I murmured.

"When I had recovered consciousness I learned that the accident which had maimed me for life had killed my dear father, and that, therefore, Philippa and I were alone in the world, our mother having died when I was born. My sorrow at my father's death retarded my convalescence; and I also fretted a great deal about George Leslie. You see, I had been within reach of the greatest happiness a woman can know, and it was terrible to have the old props and the new hopes taken from me at one blow."

"It was, indeed!"

"Then it was that my beloved Philippa came to the front. She found out that I was making myself ill again by fretting after George Leslie, so she took it upon herself to write straight to him, without mentioning the matter to me. The first I knew of it was when she came into my room some weeks afterward carrying a letter, which she said she guessed came from George. She further told me that she had heard incidentally that he had been dangerously ill, and that that evidently accounted for his delay in writing to me. I will show you his letter, dear 'Linda; it is such a beautiful one."

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Whereupon Miss Belinda unlocked a quaint cabinet, which always stood close beside her couch, and took out a packet of old letters. She selected one and handed it to me. It was written in old-fashioned writing, on paper now yellow with age, and it smacked of an old-world chivalry and courtesy. It ran as follows:

> "*Dear Madame:* I cannot describe to you the grief with which I have learned the sad events which have of late befallen you and your family. Your late esteemed father was an honored and honorable friend, whom I shall find it impossible ever to replace, and the loss of whom I shall never cease to mourn; but the news of your shattered health—as forwarded to me by your sister—is a living sorrow which touches me in a yet tenderer place. Need I tell you that it was my proud intention to beg you to do me the honor to become my cherished wife? Need I further tell you that no ill-health on your part would have prevented me from carrying out this intention? Nay, it would have been my greatest happiness and honor to watch over your health and assist your helplessness. But, alas! my late severe illness has doomed these hopes to an early death; my health is so completely shattered that I shall henceforth be a confirmed invalid, unable to rise from my couch. But though the happiness of meeting again is denied us, let us, dear Miss Belinda, not be indifferent to the joy still within our reach. Let us write constantly to each other, and so relieve the hours of enforced tedium.
>
> "I know that you alone will ever be enshrined in my heart; and I think I am not mistaken nor over-presumptuous in assuming that my ardent affection for you is not without a response. If so, dearest lady, allow me to subscribe myself, now and always,
>
> "Your devoted lover and obedient servant,
>
> "George Leslie."

"What a very beautiful letter!" I cried.

Miss Belinda looked delighted. "Is it not an elegant epistle?" she questioned. "Such refined ideas and such choice language I think I never met before. How lovely, dear 'Linda, must be the heart of a man who could pen a letter such as this! And how blessed above women is the one who knows that that heart is all her own!"

"She is, indeed, lucky. If I could only feel that a man loved me like that I should not want anything else in the world," gushed I, who was young and romantic.

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"That is just what I felt, my 'Linda. I really could not have continued to exist had I felt that my untoward affliction had shut to, in my face, the door of a woman's legitimate kingdom. But the full knowledge that George Leslie loves me has kept my heart fresh in spite of the limitations of my lot. Surely, 'Linda, I am a woman to be envied rather than pitied."

"You are right," I agreed; for even then I was old enough to have learned that if a woman has a satisfactory affair of the heart always "on tap" (so to speak) to which she can fly for refreshment, she can face with a serene front most of the chances and changes of this troublesome world.

After that day Miss Belinda and I had many a long talk about George Leslie. She read to me most of his letters, only reserving to herself the more spoony portions, if such an epithet as "spoony" could be applied to Captain Leslie's elegant expressions of his respect and affection. For all the years of his enforced imprisonment she had heard from him and written to him every month, and still continued to do so. After a time I noticed the old-world suitor warmed to his work, and wrote more fluently and easily than at first. They really were admirable letters, though their quaint diction and conventionality of thought often brought a smile to my youthful and irreverent eyes; but to Miss Belinda they were inspired documents, and the sole interest of her dreary life lay in receiving and answering them.

"It is such a comfort to have you to talk with, dear child," she said; "my sister Philippa in no way disapproves of my correspondence with Captain Leslie, but I never feel that I have her full sympathy."

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"You see, Miss Philippa has so many things to think about and attend to," I suggested in palliation of that excellent lady's obvious indifference to the subject.

"Of course, of course; the whole care of this large estate is in Philippa's hands. But, in addition to this, she is by no means susceptible to the tender passion. It is fortunate that my poor George did not fall in love with Philippa instead of with me, for I fear her stern ways would have crushed his sensitive heart, 'Linda."

Wherein I agreed; but I did not add aloud my thought that if Miss Philippa's sound common-sense would have been too bracing for an invalid lover, Miss Belinda's very lackadaisical sentimentality might have proved wearisome to a healthy man.

"However," continued Miss Belinda slowly, "Philippa is always most kind in providing me with whatever books dear George has read and recommended. You see, she can trust him never to mention to me any book that an unmarried lady had better not read."

Even the longest lane has a turning, though the path trodden by some people is so long and so straight that it seems less like a lane than a "permanent way"; and so the even tenor of life at Lang Hall was broken at last. For the whole of one winter Miss Belinda was more ailing and fragile than usual, and as the spring advanced she lost rather than gained in strength. Weaker and weaker she grew, until the feeble flame of her poor life went out altogether. To the last she talked incessantly in her delirium about George Leslie, and she died with his name on her lips, and his latest letter tightly clasped in her hand.

Miss Philippa was not one to make open lamentation or to wear her heart upon her sleeve; but she was never the same woman after her sister's death as she had been before. It strangely aged her, and changed her from a middle-aged into an old woman. She took a great fancy to me—for her dead sister's sake, I suppose—and used to talk to me by the hour about Miss Belinda.

"'Linda," she asked abruptly one day, "do you think that that George Leslie business was a source of real happiness to my poor sister? Was it a help to her?"

"I am sure it was," I answered quickly. "I believe it was the one thing that tightened her hold on life, and kept her alive all these years. She had so little vitality and so gentle a spirit that I believe she would have faded away and died long ago if it had not been for the interest which he brought into her life—I really do."

"Thank you, child, for saying so. If I didn't agree with you I could never forgive myself for letting it go on so long."

"But where was the harm?" I inquired.

Miss Philippa did not answer.

"How is Captain Leslie now?" I continued. "Have you written yet to tell him about dear Miss Belinda's death, and how she died blessing him?"

"No, I have not."

"But I think you should, Miss Philippa," I said eagerly. "Surely it would comfort the poor man to know how she loved him."

"There is no such person as George Leslie," she said.

"No such person!" I cried aghast, fearing that sorrow had turned the poor lady's head. "Oh, Miss Philippa, what can you mean?"

"Simply what I say. It was I who wrote all those letters to Belinda, and sent them to my solicitor in London to be posted."

I was too utterly astonished to speak.

"I did it for the best," continued Miss Philippa calmly; "and you yourself have just said what a pleasure it was to Belinda. But I will explain it all if you will listen."

"Please do."

"You know that after the accident, which at once robbed her of her dear father and of her health, Belinda could not rally. The doctors said she had lost her hold of life, and was dying simply because she had no wish to live."

"She told me so herself," I murmured.

"She also fretted a good deal about George Leslie," said Miss Philippa, "as he had paid her great attention, and gained her affection not long before; and she naturally concluded that her sore affliction had put an end forever to her hope of being a happy wife. You can imagine that to a nature like Belinda's that was the heaviest part of the blow. For my part, I would rather sacrifice all the husbands in the world than my power of using my legs, but she, poor girl! had lost both, and mourned the former more bitterly."

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"That I can understand," I said.

"Seeing how matters stood, I put my pride in my pocket (a thing I would never have done for the sake of my own happiness) and wrote to George Leslie."

"And what did he say?" I asked, full of interest in this remarkable confession.

"Oh! George Leslie was a fool, to my thinking, and always behaved like one. Why Belinda loved such a *popinjay* passed my comprehension."

"Then, did he write a foolish reply to your letter?" I asked.

"Not more foolish than such a poor creature was bound to write. There was no harm in George Leslie, nor much good either, as far as I could see. He wrote a decent enough letter, saying that he really had grown attached to Belinda, and had fully intended to ask her to become his wife, but that her accident had altered all this, as no man could be expected to tie himself for life to a woman who could never rise from her couch. Of course, he put it more delicately than this, but that was the gist of his reply; and he sent her a lot of rubbishy messages to soften the blow, which I never gave her."

"Didn't she feel it very deeply?" I asked.

"She never knew. I dared not tell her at first, she was so weak and ill; and shortly afterward George Leslie died. Then it occurred to me to use George Leslie as a means to call her back to life; and you know how well I succeeded. I agree with you that it was that which kept her alive all those years; and it certainly amused and interested her as nothing else would have done."

"Perhaps she has met George Leslie by now," I said. "What a strange meeting!"

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"Good gracious, child! I can't do anything more for them; they must fight it out for themselves. But I dare say George has learned by now how foolishly and selfishly he behaved to Belinda, and regrets it."

"Then you think he is wiser now?"

"Bless you, child, what a question to ask! If death does not knock some of the nonsense out of a man, what will? I dare say George is quite a sensible creature by this time, and worthy of my Belinda. And, besides, she isn't lame and helpless any longer, so his objection doesn't hold good."

"Oh, Miss Philippa, do you believe that people will find their old lovers again after all, and that everything that they have missed on earth will be made up to them in Heaven?"

"Mercy on me, 'Linda, how can I tell? I can't think why women want men bothering around them in this world, let alone the next; and where the pleasure of it lies I can't imagine. But of this I feel sure, that if the Almighty makes us so that we cannot be happy without one particular thing, He will give us that particular thing sooner or later—either in this world or the next—if we only ask Him for it, and wait His good time. But how that particular thing can ever be a man, passes my comprehension."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
*Philadelphia, June 11, 1898*

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## Modesty of True Patriotism

AMONG the many virtues which we hold in honor, that of modesty occupies a comparatively small place, says the Public Ledger. We are apt to confound modesty with self-depreciation, which, if sincere, can only claim compassion, and if insincere, merits contempt. The true idea of modesty is that of a correct estimation of self; alike opposed to an overweening self-conceit and cringing self-abasement. It is an undoubted fact that great men are, as a general thing, more modest than little ones. Such men probably know their own powers more correctly than others; but they measure them by a higher standard. They have found out how much there is to learn which they do not yet know; how much there is to do which they have not yet done.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. National greatness and National modesty go hand in hand. In our present grave crisis we are drawn as individuals into closer relations than usual with our country, and we are feeling our oneness with her in no common degree. Her prosperity or adversity, her honor or dishonor, her wisdom or folly, are preeminently ours also.

What, then, shall be our attitude to-day? One of flippant exultation and self-glorification, or one of faithfulness to truth, and therefore one of modesty? By what standard shall we measure our nation? That of inferior and weaker communities, or with the best and highest ideal which we can conceive of a nation, just and upright, noble and honorable, wise and intelligent, free and happy in herself, magnanimous and generous to those beyond her borders? Shall we love her the less for knowing her more truly? Shall we work less energetically for her because we see how she may be improved? If we are more modest in her praise, shall we not be the more anxious for her true honor?

There is a mistaken notion in many minds as to what patriotism really demands. It is supposed that a true patriot must always yield to his country an unbounded admiration and an unlimited approval. He must see no blot upon her record, no flaw in her actions, no mistake in her judgment, no selfishness in her aims. Such an attitude necessarily fosters National vanity, crushes National modesty, impedes National progress. The true lover of his country knows that she is human and therefore fallible; his earnest desire for her is that she may be purged of all base passions and sordid motives, and that she may continually rise to nobler heights in everything which constitutes true National greatness. Not by wholesale plaudits and exultant boasts shall we truly honor our country or prove our patriotism, but rather by the modesty which springs from truth, and the faithful love that longs for her highest welfare above everything else.

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## Are We to be a "Great Power"?

A GREATER danger than that from Spanish guns menaces this country in the form of the annexation movement, says the Chicago Chronicle. Once embarked upon a career of conquest, we must pursue it to the end. Before we take a step which we cannot retrace we should consider what it all means. The effervescent enthusiasm arising from the victory at Manila is not a safe guide in this matter. We must remember that, though the conquest of the Philippines or the Canaries or Porto Rico may be an easy task, our responsibility will only begin when we have assumed possession.

If we decide to become a conquering nation we must throw away, once and for all, every doctrine and every scruple which we have been accustomed to associate with our foreign policy. We must completely change our ideas, our sentiments and our actions. From a peaceful people we must be transmuted into a nation of warriors. The plowshare must be forged again into a sword, the pruning-hook into a spear.

Instead of consistently avoiding entangling foreign alliances, we must seek them.

We must abandon our pretensions as the protector of American republics and adopt unreservedly the theory that might makes right. This is going to cost more than mere money, though it will cost plenty of that, too. It will cost thousands of lives; it will cost us all our cherished traditions. It may even cost us our liberty.

If we decide to become a nation of conquerors, we may make up our minds that we shall have to sleep on our arms—always ready for an attack, never secure from one. Hated, for obvious reasons, by the monarchies of the world, we shall be distrusted by our sister republics. Like Ishmael, our hand will be against every man, and all men's hands will be against us. Are the Philippines, the Carolines, the Antilles, the Canaries—the Spanish peninsula itself—worth having at such a stupendous price?

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## The Unfair Criticism of Congress

THERE are few things in the attitude of the American public toward the American Government less creditable than the prevailing tendency to rail at Congress, says the New York Tribune. But are not these diatribes against the chosen representatives of the people getting to be a little tiresome and a good deal ridiculous? For you cannot possibly overlook the fact that Congressmen are representatives of the people. Englishmen may denounce their House of Lords with some grace, for that body is not their making. But Congress is what the people make it. To find fault with it is to find fault with one's own work.

Nor are the attacks upon Congress merely tiresome and absurd. They are largely unjust. No doubt Congress does now and then leave something to be desired in its conduct. But there have been Congresses before the present against which criticisms were directed. There has been not one that has escaped denunciation by some one as an aggregation of all human villainies. And yet, somehow or other, the nation has contrived to worry along pretty well under the legislation of such bodies. The fact is, that Congress, with all its faults, is entitled to rank among the best popular legislatures in the world. Even in point of dignity of demeanor and procedure it compares very favorably with any other such body.

Our Capitol has been the scene of fewer and less serious breaches of decorum than any other great parliament houses. The British House of Commons, especially in the last fifteen years, has had twice as many brawls. The German Reichstag has now and then been turned into such a bear garden as Washington has not known. As for the French Chamber of Deputies and the Austrian Reichsrath, our worst scenes have been Friends' meetings contrasted with some of their performances. It is well to be critical, provided the criticism be just and leading toward better things. But criticism that is mere abusing is unworthy of the name.

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## The Idle Talk of a General War

THE predictions of certain diplomats in Washington and London, that the conflict between the United States and Spain will precipitate that universal war which has been looked forward to by Europe's statesmen for many years past, need excite no concern in this country, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is merely a variation and extension of the recent rumors that Continental Europe was about to intervene in this struggle.

Manifestly, there is not the faintest probability of any such intervention, and the forebodings of a general war are in vain. The only Powers which have shown the slightest degree of unfriendliness to the United States are France, Germany and Austria. Italy is indifferent in this conflict, and Russia is friendly. Some diplomats, it is true, intimate that Italy leans toward Spain. Italy belongs to the Latin race, and for this reason a leaning on her part toward Spain would be natural. Some French newspapers have tried to create the impression that this conflict between the United States and Spain is a fight between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin, and if such a conflict became general Italy would naturally be on the side of Spain. But Italy has strong and recent reasons to dislike that country. There is a powerful prejudice in Spain against the Italians. This feeling was one of the causes for the foolish hatred of the Spanish upper classes toward Amadeus, the young Savoy King who was called to the Spanish throne shortly after the expulsion of Isabella II, and who was driven into abdication two years later by revolts against his authority, by social boycots, and by danger of assassination. Spain's harsh treatment of Amadeus, who was a brother of the present King of Italy, roused a strong feeling of hostility in Italy toward that country, which the quarter of a century of time since Amadeus' retirement has not entirely removed.

This talk about the "impending war between the Saxon and Latin races," which emanates from French papers and politicians, will have a disastrous effect on the Latins if it is ever transmuted into fact. Germany, France's partner in the intervention scheme, is not a Latin country, but belongs to the Saxon side. Austria is not a Latin nation, nor is Russia. Each of these two countries has more affinity for the Saxons than for the Latins. If they took sides at all in a conflict on the Latin race issue, they would lean rather toward the United States than to Spain. By drawing the ethnic line rigidly, the Latins could muster Spain, Portugal, France and Italy, which would be a weak combination in case of a general war. Against them would be the United States, Great Britain and Germany, with Austria and Russia leaning in our direction. In a conflict on that line the combined Latins would be as feeble as their representative, Spain, is in the war with the United States. The Latins know this, and that general race war will be carefully shunned by them.

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## Discrimination Against Naval Heroes

ENGLAND has had a "sailor King" within the recollection of many of our older readers, says the Hartford Courant. When did the United States ever have a sailor President? When, at any time, was a sailor seriously talked of by the politicians and newspapers for that office? It's really worth thinking about—this discrimination against our laureled victors whose victories are won on the water. Our wars have made many Presidents. The Revolution gave the country President Washington. The War of 1812 gave it President Jackson. The Indian wars gave it the first President Harrison. The Mexican campaign gave it President Taylor. The War for the Union gave it President Grant. Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley were helped toward the White House by their war records. But every man of them all did his fighting on land.

In the early years of the republic, the "stout old Commodores" contributed much more glorious pages to its history than the Generals, and a good many more of them. Yet which one of the Commodores ever got within seeing distance of the White House? Which one of them so much as dreamed of casting an ambitious glance in that direction? Farragut, the Admiral, was as illustrious a figure as Grant, the General. He had a far more striking and picturesque personality. His fame is no less immortal. The people wondered delightedly at his matchless exploits. They honored him in their hearts as he deserved to be honored. But they never even thought of making him President, nor did he ever dream that they would. The man who goes into the American Navy for life bids an everlasting good-by to political ambition at the water's edge. Why it should be so seems inexplicable. That it is so cannot be disputed.

If the present war unexpectedly protracts itself, and there is any serious land fighting in Cuba or elsewhere, the probabilities and the precedents warrant a prediction that it will make a President—perhaps more than one. Who is the most popular of living Americans just now—the man whom we are all talking about and hugging in our breasts? Does any one expect ever to hear George Dewey's name mentioned for the Presidency in a National nominating convention? If he had won a victory of corresponding import and brilliancy on land, that would have been a different matter. But why should it be?

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## The Forlorn Hope of the Spaniards

THERE is but one bright spot on the Spanish horizon at present, and that is sentimental, rather than practical, says the Baltimore American. Prime Minister Sagasta, regardless of troubles, danger, and the evident hopelessness of the situation, has formed another Cabinet, and has resolved to go on to the bitter end. His friends have fallen away, and his colleagues have deserted the ship, but he stands firm amid the engulfing waves, and will be with Spain to the last, if, happily, the innumerable enemies springing up on every side do not overwhelm him. The destruction of the Spanish fleet will put an end to the lingering hopes of Spain, and the deluge may follow.

That the fleet will be destroyed, unless it returns home, is almost a certainty. There will be another wild burst of impotent fury, and the barriers of the monarchy itself will probably be toppled over. The Carlists and the Radicals are already bold beyond all former periods, and it needs but a striking incident to give direction to their activity. Castelar, the highly distinguished Spanish Republican, recently declared that it was impossible to avert a catastrophe. Of the two—Sagasta and Castelar—the action of the former seems to be the more patriotic and admirable. The man who goes down with the ship is always preferred to the one who deserts in a crisis. In any other country but Spain, the self-sacrificing patriotism of the Prime Minister would be appreciated—if not now, at least when the storm has rolled by and it is possible to see clearly.

As to the effect the change of ministry will have on the duration of the war, it is useless to speculate until it is known how long the ministry will last. It may be overthrown any day, for a Carlist monarchy, a republic, or anarchy, or it may be able to get the reins of Government well in hand and gradually bring back the people to a sense of proportion befitting their tremendous embarrassments. The latter is extremely unlikely. Sagasta is a man of ability and a patriot, and in both capacities knows the folly of continuing the war, but, like the other Spanish public men, he has to yield to public sentiment, however absurd and disastrous. If he is overthrown, his successor will have to yield to popular clamor, so there is not much reason at present for expecting peace from Spain. The United States, however, need not care much for that. After it has achieved its purposes, war will be nothing but a name.

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## The Power of a Silent People

MEN old enough to remember our Civil War recall the grim silence that fell upon the North when serious work came in sight, says the San Francisco Call. True, there were tears without sobs, silent salutes, and a feeling that could not find expression in noise but must be uttered in action. When Americans are profoundly impressed they waste no breath in shouting. In great contrast is the noisy roar of Spain. From Madrid to the provinces heads are hot and throats hoarse with shouting. The mob attacks effigies and emblems with a venomous vigor that might better be reserved for the contacts of war.

The Spanish Minister took his passports, retired from Washington, and crossed the frontier in the quiet enjoyment of the luxury which American railways furnish their patrons. The American Minister left Madrid and proceeded to the frontier through a shower of stones, and was compelled to leave his berth to defend from capture his secretary, who was about to be arrested because his name was Moreno. Nothing can be more childish than all this sound and fury. As Spain stands to-day, judged by her conduct, Don Quixote should be at the head of her armies, with a wash-basin on his head for the helmet of Mambrino and his lance in tilt at a row of windmills.

Spain lives in the past; she tries to fatten her lean ribs on glories that have faded. America lives in the future, and keeps step in the long march toward it, breaks silence only with the word of command, the roar of guns and the shriek of flying shells. It is not an agreeable task to discharge the duty we have assumed. It is no less than the destruction of a power that has outlived its defensive energies and retains only the spirit of misgovernment and the power of bad example. Spain is like a man who has failed in all legitimate lines, and, refusing to accept fate with philosophy, becomes predatory, violent and lawless. The law has to put its hand upon him and subject him to those restraints which are required by the good order of the community. This task has fallen to us, and we enter upon it in the spirit which becomes a people commissioned to end the pretensions of a decayed personality among the nations. As we read the signs now set in the American horizon, our people feel their strength, know their duty and will hasten its performance.

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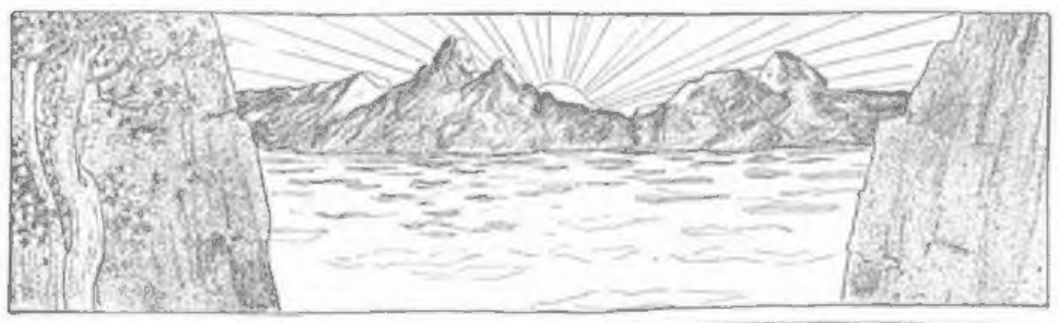
## New Opportunities Revealing New Men

MIGHT not the policy of Colonial and commercial expansion be worth a great deal more than its cost if it called into the public service men of a higher order of brains and a deeper sense of fidelity to trust? asks the New York Times. We have had but few men of first-rate capacity in public life during the past twenty years. Public life has notoriously become unattractive to the best men, and National affairs under the direction of common minds arouse only a moderate and narrowing interest.

In the new relation to the other nations of the earth, upon which we have already entered, there will be need of the highest ability, scope for its exercise, and ample rewards for its success. Ambition will be rekindled by a revival of opportunity. The people, finding that men of capacity are willing to serve them, will despise the self-seeking pigmies, and by a wiser choice at the polls will restore the golden age of our politics, when a debate in the Senate made contributions of permanent value to American literature and our public papers were memorable examples of wisdom and recognized models of form.

This war with Spain will undoubtedly be followed by a reawakening of the nation. The "fen of stagnant waters" will be purified by a brisk stirring. New thoughts will come to men's minds, new issues to our politics, a broader view of our place in the world and the world's history will impart a deeper interest and a larger influence to the exercise of an American citizen's duties. Can any mind not clouded by despair doubt that out of the American people there will be called forth men equal to our new responsibilities, no matter what may be their magnitude or their gravity?

The whole civic attitude of men, in place and out of it, is changed by the raising up of questions of elemental sweep that are inwoven with the destiny of the nation. They sober the judgment and deepen the sense of responsibility. Though the front of the world should be changed and the Anglo-Saxon alliance make the Strait of Dover and the Golden Gate its eastern and western confines, and Hongkong and Manila its neighboring outposts, the development of men would keep pace with the development of events. The new times would be more stirring, and life would be better worth living, even for the croaking pessimists.



# THE BEAUTIES OF ALASKA

## From Tropic Heat to Arctic Cold

By BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES

AUSPICIOUS day dawns for a visit to the rookeries of St. Paul Island. The sun has kindly hidden behind a silver mist, that will gradually grow more and more dense, until it becomes the Aleut's delight—a heavy fog. The natives always smile as they watch the preparation of visitors for explorations over the island. They cannot realize that light rubber overgarments are more comfortable than their own heavy storm-coats, and that they are just as effective against the ooze of the fog banks as more cumbrous dress. Besides, they see no need for preparation. This royal mist is more welcome than the brightest sunshine. In fact, the few sunny days that come to their islands seem somewhat distressing to them, as well as it is to the seals.

The sound from the voices of seals is as of a roaring waterfall. It is said, by those who have made careful observations, that the activity of the seal colonies never ceases day or night. It is most certain that they all have special seasons of rest, but at no certain time, and so few are indulging in cat naps at one time that their voices cannot be missed from the perpetual din. As the rookeries are approached, the sounds dissolve themselves, and, when one is quite close, all the romance of the roar of Niagara is lost in the loud howling of the bulls—the angry growl of some, which are disturbed; the fierce notes, like puffing steam, of the approaching combatants; the shrill whistling call of others, or the sheep-like bleating of the cows and pups—a very pandemonium of noises, among which one's feeble calls are quite lost even to his own auditors.

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But look at this living, moving mass! A swarm of bees would be quite an imperfect simile! Great seals, some weighing quite as much as five or six hundred pounds, surrounded by their families, large or small, females which are smaller and in greater numbers, and tiny pups, just able to flounder about to join their voices to the general sound, and all so much alike that a description of one of either sex may serve for all. The males are a deep, dull brown, inclining to black, except in the older males, whose coats assume the proper shade for age, a sort of grizzly gray. The females are a beautiful steel gray, blending to spotless white on the chest and the under part of the body, while the pups are, at birth and some months afterward, jet black with the exception of two tiny spots near the shoulders.

The bulls are majestic in appearance as they rear their heads and shoulders far above their smaller companions, ever watchful that no marauders shall interfere, in the slightest degree, with their numerous adopted companions and their little ones. But how frightful are the battles that are almost momentarily fought between these bulky animals! Some late comer may suppose that he may slyly take possession of at least one cow from a family of forty. In an instant he is challenged to combat, and the possibility is that he may push off badly whipped or pay the penalty of such temerity with his life.

These battles are fierce and bloody beyond description, and there is scarcely a moment through the season that one or more is not in progress. The pretty, gentle, dark-eyed females never join in the contest. They are mild, as their beautiful heads and tender eyes denote, and though not outwardly affectionate, they never neglect their young. Imagine a million or more of these creatures gathered in one comparatively small spot on an almost desolate island. When the heat at noon makes them restless, there is nothing in our ordinary language that can adequately describe the grotesquely wonderful appearance of a million or two animals industriously fanning themselves with their hind flippers, or of thousands upon thousands of glossy black pups sporting among themselves as playfully as little kittens.

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Bering Sea and the Aleutian Islands, and indeed the whole of our Alaska property, is valuable. The fur seal islands, the salmon, cod and halibut fisheries, the mineral land, the vast timber forests, are all undeveloped treasures, but sufficiently visible to the observing mind. It is strange that a foreign Power has let her imaginary rights pass unnoticed until thirty years have flown, and that she should just now awake to the importance of asserting them. All nations without a protest acknowledged the justice of the American purchase and its line of demarcation.

Our Government knows the value of the seal fisheries; it knows the enormous revenues yielded by that one industry alone, which of itself makes Alaska a great and valuable acquisition to our country, and it will be strange, indeed, if a few thousand miles of distance, between it and the seat of our National Government, will prevent proper authority from being supplied for the protection of our interests and possessions, as well as the few hundred inhabitants of those storm-swept treasure islands. American rights in Bering Sea, or in any other part of our possessions in the great North and Northwest, will be cared for in the near future.

The inhabitants of these seal islands naturally gain their livelihood by the seal-catching interests, therefore their time is wholly unoccupied a greater part of the year, for the seals are gone entirely before the long, dreary, dark winter sets in. Thanks to the Alaska Commercial Company, in its interest for their welfare, and to rapid civilization, they have, in a general way, more to occupy their time than their less favored progenitors could boast. The Aleuts approach as near as possible in the matter of dress to our American costume and do not adhere to the Indian styles. They glory in kitchen utensils, kerosene lamps, chairs, tables, and even a collection of modern dishes. They are fond of such food as is supplied them from our own stores, particularly relishing sweetmeats or other similar delicacies.

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Many of them can read and write, numbers of the women sew beautifully, and, with ordinary goods and fashion plates for guides, they make fair progress toward being "in the fashion." The men may smile and jeer, but they only too cheerfully take to whatever innovations appear among them. They are religious beyond question, attending church faithfully and keeping the prescribed feasts and fasts of their forefathers, which were first handed down to them in the teachings of the Russian Greek Church, whose sign (the Greek cross) meets you at almost every turn.

With proper protection from the encroachment of enemies, and with just remuneration for their work, the Government, or the firm employing them and offering proper protection, can pretty firmly depend upon their earnest cooperation in protecting the interests and fisheries, on their own islands, from all outside authorities. Unfortunately, since the writing of this article, pelagic sealing has reduced the number of the seals and defied the power of those who would have protected them from being killed indiscriminately.

SITKA, ALASKA,
AND MOUNT EDGECUMBE

VAST FIELDS OF
TOWERING ICEBERGS

The roaring, churning surf of Bering Sea would seem to spend most of its force upon the shores of the Pribilof Islands, so madly does it howl and scream in unison with the angry wind. Each element seems to rival the other in the contest of sound and strength, and, from the force with which the wind hurls the spray of the foaming billows high and far across the dreary islands, it would seem to show its power over the waters. But with equal, or even fiercer, power the wind and waves rage along the great Aleutian chain as if determined to demolish the narrow barrier between the ambitious sea and the wider, nobler ocean.

Far to the south and west of the seal islands lies Attoo, or Attu, the very western limit of the Western Hemisphere, and the farthest point upon which our vast Republic can build a city. It was the first point reached by the Russians, who found the natives prosperous and happy. The great reduction in the numbers of the sea otter, upon which their wealth depended, has gradually reduced the people to poverty, and yet they seem light-hearted, having sufficient food supplied them by Nature, and being quite contented with the primitive homes and styles of dress peculiar to their forefathers. And, in contrast to the more civilized be it spoken, their lives are purer, their complexions clearer, and their bodies far less subject to disease than those of the inhabitants of the mainland or those of islands nearer the coast. Such are the characteristics of all the natives of the chain who have not been intimately associated with unscrupulous traders, who, by introducing rum and debauchery among the simple Aleuts, have thus managed to effect more advantageous bargains with them than they could have done in fair trading.

Upon the comparatively small island of Attoo is the village of the same name, important because of its being the most western town in the territory controlled by the United States, being in a degree of longitude almost three thousand miles west of San Francisco, the Golden Gate of California, which is in turn almost equally distant from the longitude of Calais, on the eastern coast of Maine. It brings us, too, into close sisterhood with Russia, whose islands are but two or three hundred miles away from our possessions, while the nearest inhabited isle on that side is Atkha, about four hundred miles distant, whose inhabitants are considered the finest sea otter hunters in the world. They make long trips to the haunts of the otter, that are upon the islands which form an intermediate line between their own island and isolated Attoo. Upon those desolate isles there are no human dwellers except those who visit them for the sole purpose of hunting this sly animal.

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While on their expeditions, which only the hardiest dare undertake, they subsist upon such stray seals as they can capture, and upon the eggs and flesh of sea birds, which occupy by millions some of the sea coasts. Can any one imagine the feeling of these hunters when the vessels land them upon the bleak islands and leave them, for a time, entirely alone and at the mercy of the elements? Or is it possible for ordinary mortals to realize with what satisfaction they arrive at the end of their hunting season, gather in the valuable cargoes, and board the ships which have returned to bear them homeward? It must be remembered that nowhere is there greater love of home than among the natives of these wild, bleak islands of the Alaskan Archipelago. In illustration of this there might be told many stories that would seem incredible; of how some have been taken to beautiful, sunny lands, and given all that would make ordinary mortals happy; how they have pined unto death for their bleak, fog-enveloped, barren homes, their fish, seal and blubber.

With this love for home is combined a pious veneration for ancestry and for the priesthood of the church. The islands of this vast chain are composed, mostly, of volcanic matter, while some display peak upon peak of cone-shaped, sullenly silent volcanoes. Others are nothing but immense frowning, silent volcanoes. There they stand against the might of storm and sea, bearing great wreaths of mist upon their lofty foreheads, immovable, though forever beaten by

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This article was taken from Bushrod Washington James' interesting book on Alaska: Its Neglected Past, Its Brilliant Future. Published by the Sunshine Publishing Company.

the almighty sea, whose foam and spray array them in garments as white as snow.

In this very chain are greater islands, clothed with beautiful but treacherous green, whose tempting loveliness yields to the pressure of the feet and proves to be a quivering pitfall. Many hot springs are often found in Oonimak, Oonalashka and Oomnak, three of these larger islands. Oonalashka, on the island of that name, is a town by no means to be despised. It is the metropolis of the district, and every day it is becoming more like towns of the East. The styles of dress, modes of living and furnishing, even the accomplishments, are becoming more and more common among the inhabitants, until now it is rare to see either man or woman clothed in native garb. Music, particularly, is the Aleut's delight. Fancy, amid the roar of the sea, with the fitful daylight caught through dense mists, hearing the strains of Pinafore or Annie Laurie floating upon the air. Only Home, Sweet Home would be necessary to make an Eastern heart swell almost to breaking, if its owner were compelled to remain there between two mighty seas upon a wind-swept isle.

Off from the shores of the peninsula lies the largest island of the chain—Kodiak or Kadiak. It is the great centre, commercially and geographically, of the interesting part of Alaska. On this island the first church and school were established by Shellikov, a Russian, who, with noble heart and sturdy purpose, fought for justice to a down-trodden and abused race.

At Kadiak the timber belt of Alaska is sharply defined. With one step you may leave the jungle of spruce forests, with interlacing of vine, moss and briar, to walk upon the flat, grassy tundra of the moor. From forest to heather almost at one step. There seems, as a rule, to be no encroachment of one upon the other; no straggling heather among the shadows of the spruce; no single trees darkening the smooth face of the moor.

The general surface of the island is rugged and mountainous, with here and there valleys of lovely grass and blooming flowers. The soil invites cultivation, and produces pretty fair crops in some places, but there, as everywhere in this wonderful land, the season is scarcely long enough to secure luxuriant or first-class results.

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The waters, however, all around, abound in the most delicious food fish in the world. Salmon fairly swarms in its season; the rich, beautiful tint of whose flesh, alone, makes it marketable when canned. Cod, halibut and many other desirable varieties of fish are ready, at any moment, for net or spear, and the clear, swift-flowing streams, which bound toward the resistless ocean, are as full of living beauty as their banks are of a lovely, luxuriant growth of green and gray, of grass, moss and lichen.

To the north of the island is Cook's Inlet; and, even yet, the natives tell the story of the failure of the first foreigner who dared to land upon the shores. Farther to the north flows the waters of the mighty Yukon River.

It is impossible to form an unbiased opinion of the beauty and grandeur of the Yukon, with its deltas and outlets, Alaska's great rival of the Mississippi, should one attempt an exploration from its principal mouth. There the immense tracts of oozy, slimy swamp lands, all a-tangle with flag-roots and long, wiry water weeds, often present an impenetrable barrier to even the small crafts of the natives. A vessel losing its course into the channel, at the main entrance, could not well gain much headway toward the broad waters that rush into the wild, repulsive waste, the home of mammoth mosquitoes, of solemn-eyed water birds, and damp, cheerless solitude. Loneliness becomes more unbearable; home seems far more distant; the possibilities of sad, unexpected changes almost certain, if one lingers long amid such dreariness. The idea that a few miles farther on there are mountains, glaciers, trees and flowers seems incredible, for this seems to be the beginning of interminable flatness, dampness and malarial swamps and shallows. But think of the hundreds of miles that these very waters travel! Think of the stories of hardship they could tell! Of the songs they have sung as they rippled between tiny, moss-covered islets! Of how the waves have palpitated with the sturdy stroke of the steamer's paddles, and of how they have been dyed with the blood of moose and caribou!

Farther on there are trading-posts of no small importance. St. Michaels, near its mouth, is at present the great centre of the Yukon traffic, and it looks more like a town by the sea than an inland river's adjunct. It is a busy mart in the midst of a vast, unexplored region of untold wealth. Timber! Millions of feet, of the finest and most imperishable, grow on the mighty river's bank and along the borders of its lakes and tributaries. Moss, an article whose qualities upholsterers have appreciated for a long time, grows in luxuriant abundance and of velvety softness, and wastes there by thousands of tons.

Gold and silver, and other valuable minerals, hide themselves away in the shy earth's bosom, and so easy of access along the stream that transportation, one of the bugbears of many a mining district, is here rendered easy and rapid. The labor necessary for the reaping of the wonderful harvest is ready in the forms of the sturdy and industrious natives, who are willing to work faithfully if they are properly treated and if their lives and homes are protected. The hostile natives usually live in the interior, away from the coast and river shores, and, as they are known, but little fear need be entertained by explorers, unless a reckless exploit be made among them.

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Often their curiosity so far overcomes their hostility that the exhibition of some civilized mode of accomplishing an object completely disarms them, and the desire to learn the use of an object overcomes an unlawful wish to possess it. Among the savages of the Yukon villages, as with nearly all Indians, firmness and kindness, combined with an air of conscious power, manliness and fearlessness, goes very far toward winning friendliness.

This vast river is so wide in many places as to become an inland sea, and it teems with wealth of various kinds. Small fur animals abound along its borders, and the natives are adepts in obtaining the pelts or furs uninjured. The skins of bears and foxes attain full and beautiful perfection near its banks. Along the shores fair specimens of ivory are gathered, and, if some scientists are not mistaken, great quantities may yet be taken, because the half-hidden carcasses of elephants are found abundant and remarkably well preserved. Moose are plenty, and are eagerly hunted, their flesh used as food, their hides as clothing, and their horns as handles for knives, for many of the carved hooks and pins used in fishing and hunting, and for other implements. Water fowls are numberless, their eggs particularly making an agreeable variety to a monotonous diet. And fish! Who can tell of the variety, richness and abundance of this staple of our Northwestern possessions?

There the beautiful and delicious food fish swarm in myriads, but, until recently, have been unappreciated. The locating of canneries began a few years ago, and they yield profit in many places. In fact, these salmon seem to be of a better quality than the Columbia River fish, and their canning interests now outrival the latter locality. They give employment to many natives, whose natural aptitude for treating fish soon leads them to become first-class salmon catchers, dryers and packers, and the increase of the staple upon the market may, with advantage to the consumer, decrease the price a little, and yet it would by its increased sale make an immense profit for investors in the salmon-fishing interests. Other fish are found in abundance, too, the mention of the names of which would make an epicure long to be there. Valuable birds are also found. Gold is not scarce, and is worth the labor of obtaining it. It is impossible to imagine the labor in this district to be much greater, except in winter, than that of the mountains and rocky regions in the interior of our continent. And even counting the quantity, of much smaller value in proportion, there are those who may be found willing to get rich slowly, thankful if their project reached even a little under two and three hundred per cent. clear profit.

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Apart from the teeming richness of this vast valley of the Yukon, its wonderful scenery during the summer is worth a painstaking journey to behold. For miles the river and its broad surface is dotted with fairy islands; time and again, along its torturous way, the water swells out and forms lovely verdure-skirted bays, whose ripples reflect exquisite shades of green from indented shoals, tender hues from shining skies, and indescribable tints from skimming clouds, while dainty, beautiful fish rise up to the surface in schools, in many places.

Here the daring glacier flood creeps slowly into the flowing river; there it plunges fiercely, troubling the waters far and near; and, again, the bold mountains raise their shoulders against the chilling torrent, and compel the turbulent floods to calm themselves into quiet, rippling streams before they enter the Yukon current. Herds of moose and deer come down to slake their thirst, and many a sportsman's heart would swell with anticipation if he could see the huge, antlered heads bend toward the river when they come to drink at evening. So, too, the whirr of the grouse, and the call of wild ducks would tempt his feet to follow. But enough! Should you spend your summer in Alaska, and then return to your native country, pleasant remembrances of the grandeur and beauty of that land will be indelibly stamped upon your memory.

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**BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES, A. M.**

was born in Philadelphia on August 25, 1870. He entered the Central High School at the age of fourteen, and was graduated with very high honors. Later, he studied medicine, and was graduated from the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1892. Dr. James has traveled very extensively, and has made himself thoroughly acquainted with his native land. A close observer of men and scenes, he has acquired a high reputation as a lecturer and descriptive writer. Dr. James is an enthusiastic student of the earlier history of our country, and is a member of several historical societies and scientific bodies. Besides Alaska: Its Neglected Past, Its Brilliant Future, he has written Alaskana, American Resorts, and Echoes of Battle.

# A Twilight Chat with Gladstone

By WILLIAM ELROY CURTIS

LAST summer a man and a boy of the American persuasion stepped off a railway train at the rare old city of Chester, England, and, passing through the gateway to the carriage-stand, selected a surrey and told the driver to take them to Hawarden.

"Beg pardon, which is the place, sir?"

"Hawarden."

"I don't know any such place 'reabouts."

"I want to see Mr. Gladstone."

"Ho, yes, sir, Mr. Gla'stun. 'E lives at 'Arden, and you've just got time to ketch the old gentleman at even prayers, sir;" and then he explained to us that it was the habit of the "Grand Old Man" to walk from his mansion through the grove that surrounds it to the little parish church of Hawarden, of which his son Stephen is the vicar, every evening at seven o'clock, for vesper service, and if the Reverend Stephen wasn't there Mr. Gladstone read the service himself.

The village of Hawarden dates back to the Roman occupation of England, but there is very little of it. In America it wouldn't be considered even a village, for there is nothing there except a church, a schoolhouse, a general store, a blacksmith's shop, half a dozen houses (whose occupants have placed temporary stands on the street in front of them from which they supply refreshments to the excursionists that come almost daily) and a picturesque inn, the proprietor of which announces by a pretentious sign that he is "licensed to sell spirits, malt liquors and tobacco to be consumed upon the premises."

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The beautiful park of Hawarden, with eight hundred acres of majestic trees and the ruins of an old castle, are open for the enjoyment of the public every day, and picnic parties come from Chester and railway excursions from Liverpool, and neighboring cities for a hundred miles around, almost daily in summer to enjoy Mr. Gladstone's hospitality. The mansion is surrounded by a high stone wall to protect the family from intrusion, but when he felt particularly well he took pleasure in showing himself to the excursionists.

It is a lovely drive from Chester, over a hard, beautiful road that passes through a succession of villages and well-kept farms. The little church dates back to the fourteenth century, and from an architectural standpoint is as ugly as it is venerable. The churchyard is well populated. The gravestones date back four hundred years, and some inscriptions are quaint and curious.

The service had begun when we arrived. Mr. Gladstone was reading the evening prayers from the ritual of the Church of England. His voice was low and almost indistinct, and his tones were so monotonous it was quite an effort for us to catch the words. The services were disturbed by no incident; the congregation, which seemed to consist of villagers, passing quietly out. We stepped around to the main aisle and "held up" Mr. Gladstone, who came slowly toward us.

I introduced myself and my son, and explained that, as we were passing through Chester for the North, we could not resist the temptation of stopping over a train to pay our respects to him. He gave us a cordial grasp of the hand, his face lighted up with a smile, and he sat down with us in one of the pews. He asked us where we came from, and when he learned that I was a newspaper writer at Washington he asked a great many questions about Major McKinley, our new President, Mr. Sherman, and the other members of the Cabinet. The conversation was quite prolonged; meantime a decrepit old crone stood impatiently by the door jingling a big bunch of keys as if to remind us that she was being unnecessarily detained. Finally she yielded to her impatience and informed Mr. Gladstone that she "must be off to her milkin'."

"Bless my soul," said the old gentleman, "I had forgotten all about you. You must excuse me, Myrtle, for I am getting to be a thoughtless old man."

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She tucked her hands under her apron and curtsied. "But many's the long year you'll be with us yet, sir," said she, as we passed by, "and God bless ye, sir," she added to me, as I slipped a shilling into her hand.

"You called her Myrtle, didn't you?"

"Yes; the name is quite a misfit, nowadays, isn't it? But I can remember when she was young and attractive. Her parents evidently did not show much foresight."

I told him a story of a man I used to know by the name of Rose, who had a beautiful daughter and a poetic instinct that led him to christen her Wylde. Wylde Rose was considered not only a pretty but an appropriate name until she married a man by the name of Bull, but she faced the situation bravely and wrote her name Rose Bull.

Mr. Gladstone was much amused at the story, and asked permission to repeat it to Stephen, his son, the vicar of Hawarden parish, who, he said, would enjoy it immensely because he had such a keen sense of humor.

Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, who has been his constant companion since she was old enough to walk, and is now a rather plain but interesting girl somewhere in her later teens, walked along with us by the roadside with the old gentleman leaning affectionately upon her arm. He chatted pleasantly about American affairs until we reached the famous gate in the hedge—a private entrance which gave him a short cut through the garden to his house. I hesitated when we reached this place, expecting that he would terminate the interview, but he asked us to accompany him, and we passed through a grove of majestic trees and a beautiful garden filled with old-fashioned flowers. The beds were bordered with neatly trimmed box, and some of them were ornamented with sea-shells and inverted bottles. As I remarked upon the number of bottles, Mr. Gladstone, with a chuckle, said:

"You need have no misgivings. Jem, the gardener, can be depended upon to see that they are empty before they are put into the ground."

When we reached the house Mr. Gladstone motioned us to seats on the terrace, where wicker chairs, tables, newspapers, books, fans and sewing gave evidence that it was a common place of assembly for the family. A footman in livery brought in sherry and biscuits, and upon the tray was a tall glass containing a pinkish liquid and a long straw, which Mr. Gladstone remarked was raspberry shrub.

"It's my only tipple," he said. "I have never been a wine drinker, and they have recently forbidden me to drink tea."

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We sat an hour or more in the long English twilight among those delightful surroundings, and Mr. Gladstone talked incessantly and with great frankness. He discussed topics of peculiar interest. The Dingley tariff, which had recently been adopted, and was exceedingly offensive to all Europeans, he condemned as a piece of legislative stupidity, an exhibition of selfishness and narrow-mindedness that was unworthy a great nation like the United States. He said we were making a tremendous mistake in not extending our foreign trade; that the revocation of our reciprocity treaties was an act of folly that ought never to be forgiven, and that the men who were guilty of it ought never to be trusted again with public affairs. He did not remember in the history of legislation a more impolitic and shortsighted act. The old gentleman grew quite animated on this subject, and seemed inclined to dispute my assertion that President McKinley was not, as he called him, a close-fisted and narrow-minded man, although he admitted that his speeches during the presidential campaign were models of discretion and patriotism, and that his bold adherence to the gold standard showed him to be a man of courage and wisdom. I assured him that, while President McKinley, like a majority of our citizens, firmly believed in a protective tariff, he was a broad-minded, far-sighted man with a high sense of the dignity of his office, and had been a warm supporter of the reciprocity policy.

Our political discussion was becoming heated when it was interrupted by Mr. Gladstone's secretary, who came through the house and informed him that an excursion from Wales desired to see him.

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"Very well," said Mr. Gladstone, "if it will give them any pleasure," and, leaning on his secretary's arm, he passed around the house and across the lawn. Before him were gathered two or three hundred people, evidently of the working class, and his secretary informed him that it was a singing society from some town in Wales. Mr. Gladstone asked them to sing. Then, after listening to two or three selections, he stepped forward and in a patriarchal way made a brief speech upon the influence of music upon the human mind. He told them a story of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, Lead, Kindly Light. I could not hear him distinctly, as his voice was weak, and we stood behind, but from the few words I caught I inferred that the late Cardinal had sent those famous lines in manuscript to Mr. Gladstone before they were given to the public. In closing, he asked them if they could sing that hymn. The leader nodded and took out a tuning fork; meantime Mr. Gladstone's secretary placed a chair behind him and the old gentleman sat while they were singing. At the conclusion of the hymn we returned to the house, when I thanked him for the honor of the interview and bade him adieu.

# MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

## Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

**Commodore Casey, Dewey's Successor** Capt. Silas Casey Commandant of the League Island naval station, Philadelphia, who has just been made Commodore, steps into the place made vacant by Dewey's advancement to the Rear Admiralty. In rank Commodore Casey is ahead of Acting-Admiral Sampson having been Captain a month and a half longer

Silas Casey was born in Rhode Island in 1841. When fifteen years old he was appointed Acting Midshipman from New York. Four years later, after graduating from the Naval Academy, he was made a midshipman on the steam frigate Niagara In 1862 he was commissioned Lieutenant After the war he was commissioned Lieutenant-Commander. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in February, 1889, and was given duty in connection with the cruiser Newark from 1891 to 1893. He was next placed in command of the receiving ship Vermont, at Brooklyn, and after this was in January last, assigned to duty as commandant of the League Island Navy Yard.

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**Vice-Admiral Montejo, Whom Dewey Defeated** Don Vincente Montejo y Trillo, Vice-Admiral, in command of the Spanish fleet vanquished by Admiral Dewey says the Evening Lamp, is known personally to very few men in Washington. His reputation, however, is more widespread, and many of the attachés of foreign legations have great things to say of the man who was conquered only by the superior courage, seamanship and marksmanship of the American warriors Europeans say that Montejo has splendid courage, excellent control of men high order of patriotism, and a thorough knowledge of sea strategy. They say he high spirited, and that such a crushing defeat as he received must be a severe blow to him pride in his ships was equaled only by his supreme confidence in their ability to reckon well with any foe afloat. The vanquished Admiral is mentioned as a man of few words, and to illustrate his taciturnity his report of the defeat is cited

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**George W. Scott, the Hindu Moderator** The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of North America, at its recent annual session, elected Rev. George W. Scott as Moderator of the Synod for the ensuing year. He is a native high-caste Hindu, born in Sealkote, Punjab, India, in 1857, the son of a Christian Hindu minister. He was educated in Western Pennsylvania, and was ordained by the Brookville, Pennsylvania, Presbytery. In 1883 he returned to India as a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian church. Since that time Mr Scott has been active in Christian missionary work among the Hindus, and is especially successful among the high caste natives, in spite of bitter opposition on the part of the Mohammedans and Brahmins

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**Prince Henry's Triumph at Peking** Reports from China seem to indicate that Prince Henry of Germany is not the ridiculous person indicated by the festivities which preceded his departure and the comical "fleet" of two antiquated vessels with which he made the voyage, says the New York Times. For all the numberless farewells that so amused English and American critics, and the frequent delays that lengthened the duration of his journey, he did arrive at last, and since then he has not been by any means idle In achieving a personal interview with the Emperor of China he not only won a remarkable diplomatic triumph, but he probably drew a broad dividing line between the China of the past and the China of the future. Now that Germany has received his mark of recognition as a Power worthy to send representatives to the steps of the dragon throne, other nations are sure to demand the same honor, and the old humiliating system of dealing with subordinates, and often with the subordinates of subordinates, cannot long continue

The Emperor has abandoned his claim to divinity, and henceforth it should be possible to "do business" in Peking otherwise than through intrigue and bribery. Besides making his way into the palace, Prince Henry has also made a good impression on the resident foreigners in the open ports A Canton dispatch says: "The Prince has produced the most happy impression here His own countrymen accept him as a typical German Prince, while Englishmen recognize in him qualities which they are proud to believe essentially British. Nothing could have been simpler or more genial than the tone of both Prince and suite; and as to British ideas, absence of empty forms is the best of form, the avoidance of mannerism the truest good manners, ceremony well replaceable by courtesy, and antechamber punctilio by the politeness of gentlemen, it is easy to understand his popularity When he attended a reception at the German Club in Hongkong the Prince was asked to make a speech, but he refused, saying 'Only once in my life have I made a speech and I shall never hear the last of that one,' referring, of course, to the unfortunate remarks about the "consecrated perso

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**General Garcia, the Cuban Patriot** Gen Calixto Garcia who [illegible] assist in landing American troops on Cuban [illegible] leads the patriotic forces in the eastern part of the island, says the Chicago Times Herald. He will prove no mean ally when the time comes for action. He was a foremost conspirator and fighter in the Cuban rebellion of 1868. In the first rebellion he led a little Army to victory after victory, reducing towns of 20,000 population and carrying all before him. Gomez made him a Brigadier-General, and when the Provisional Government removed Gomez from the Commander-in-Chieftainship of the Cuban forces, Garcia stepped into the shoes of the San Dominican. Garcia was captured by the Spaniards, and, knowing what was in store for him, attempted to kill himself, but his bullet went awry and he has lived to see Cuba as good as free. When the present war came, Garcia was living in Madrid, but escaped to New York, and at once joined the Cuban forces. He is strong and alert although sixty five years old, and his knowledge, which covers every foot of Cuban [illegible] will be of priceless value to the hosts from America when the landing begins

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**How Major General Shafter Played Football** Major General Shafter, second in command of the troops assembled in Florida, was, until about a year ago, Colonel of the First Infantry, stationed at Angel Island, in the harbor of San Francisco so says the Philadelphia Record He was a somewhat stern soldier, and the men took pains not to cross him Shafter can't weigh much less than 300 pounds One afternoon some soldiers were playing football on the parade ground. One of the men got the ball squarely on the toe of his shoe and it flew through a window of Colonel Shafter's parlor which fronted upon the parade [illegible] The players were dumbfounded by the accident. They stood waiting to see what was going to happen, for they knew the Colonel was in his quarters

In half a minute or so the colossal form of Colonel Shafter appeared in the doorway of his quarters He had the football under his arm. The man who had kicked the ball through the commanding officer's parlor window was just about to tell him that he alone was responsible, when the Colonel raised the ball before him with both hands He made a kick at it with his foot, and missed it by about a yard. Failing to kick it, he walked down the steps, picked up the ball, went up to the landing again and tried once more. Five times he repeated this performance. The sixth time Colonel Shafter caught the ball squarely and it went sailing into the air The Colonel himself went sailing down to the foot of the steps He landed in a heap, and, considering his immense weight, it is a wonder that he did not break some bones. He didn't, however, and when he got up his sides were shaking with laughter. The First Infantrymen did not stand in quite so much fear of Shafter, and liked him better after that

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**Dr Anita Newcomb McGee, Head of the Army Nurses** For the first time in the history of the United States, women are being enlisted in the military service, says the New York Herald. Dr Anita Newcomb McGee, a very patriotic Washington woman, has just been charged with the selection of all of the war nurses for the Government during its present conflict. She is the Dorothea Dix of the Spanish-American War, and the Surgeons General of the Army and Navy regard her office as a branch bureau of their departments, though in reality it has no official connection with the Government, except in a volunteer capacity

Doctor McGee impresses one as being the ideal woman to rank at the head of the war's "angels of mercy." She is young and charming, possessing unusual magnetism vivacity and gift of language. Moreover she has the blood of patriots coursing in her veins being able to boast of three Revolutionary ancestors. She has pursued special courses of study at home at Cambridge the University of Geneva, and elsewhere on the continent. Returning to this country she studied medicine at Columbia and Johns Hopkins. She is the daughter of Prof Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, and is the wife of Prof. W J McGee, the well known ethnologist and geologist

Before they may be placed upon the list of eligibles, women applicants must prove that they have been graduated at reputable training schools for nurses. They must be between the ages of thirty and fifty, and it is preferred that they have had practical experience and that they be without family ties They must be strong and healthy in order to cope with the unusual hardships of a military hospital. Only surgical nurses are being called for, since women trained in the care of general diseases would have practically nothing to do in wards filled with men mangled by shot and shell Although during the last war Miss Dix, who performed the duties now conferred upon Dr. McGee, refused to appoint women who were prepossessing in appearance, no such regulation has been made for this war, and our brave boys may hope to be inspired to strength by woman's comeliness as well as healed by her tender skill. No women nurses will be sent to Cuba. If any are delegated to field hospitals they will do service only in this country. None will be permitted aboard any naval vessel, since the gentler sex are forbidden quarters on all ships in action

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**Don Antonio, the Infante of Spain** Don Antonio, Infante of Spain, is the only member of that Royal house who is now on active service in the Spanish Army says the Chicago News. He is in the prime of [illegible] being just thirty two and is Colonel of the crack regiment of Hussars, El Princesa He is the husband of the beautiful Infanta Eulalia, who is quite popular in London society, they having lived for some years in England in order to educate their two sons. The Prince, who is the only brother of the Comtesse de Paris, is a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and his charming wife is the youngest daughter of Queen Isabella [illegible] born in Madrid, February 12, 1864

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**General Kuropàtkin, War Lord of Russia** Gen Alexei Nicolaievitch Kuropàtkin, who was recently appointed acting Minister of War, is the greatest fighting General" in the Russian Army says Charles Jonhson in the Review of Reviews. He has won every distinction "for valor" in the field that the Imperial Crown holds in its gift he has "swords of honor" enough to arm a company; he has seen active service in three continents—Africa, Europe, Asia He was one of the decisive factors in the last great decisive battle fought on European soil Further, General Kuropàtkin is the best writer of military history in Russia, the master of those who know in the science of war. In his forty ninth year, and in the very prime of vigor and power, he stands at the head of the greatest army in the world [illegible] men in time of war. No finer augury could have been imagined for Russia's hopes, in the new year and the new century, than the destiny which calls this wisest warrior to lead the armies of the Czar

General Kuropatkin played a leading part in that reorganization of the Russian Army which marked the reign of Alexander III This involved the application of the best and wisest modern standards throughout the whole Army, which is now, in point of discipline, equipment, organization, and knowledge, the equal of any in the world All along General Kuropatkin has steadily worked to strengthen the Russian colonizing element And now, with the widest knowledge and experience to supplement his inherent genius and power, Alexei Nicolaievitch Kuropàtkin is called to the supreme post of power, the lordship of the Russian Army, and he deserves the best

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**Rev. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, Head of the Presbytery** The 110th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which recently met at Winona, Indiana chose Rev Wallace Radcliffe, D D., as Moderator He is a native of Pittsburg the Public Ledger, and was educated in public schools. He prepared for Jefferson College, where he graduated in 1862. He made two efforts to enter the Federal Army, but was refused, principally on account of defective sight His theological education was begun in the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, in Allegheny, but he united with the Presbyterian Church and he graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary

The Sunday after his graduation, Doctor Radcliffe took charge of the Woodland Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia, where he remained four years. In 1872 he became pastor of the First Church of Reading, from which place he went in 1885 to the Fort Street Church, Detroit, where the General Assembly of 1891 met. After a very successful pastorate of eleven years there, he went to his present important charge, the New York Avenue Church, Washington His honorary title was received from Lafayette College in 1881, and in the same year he was Moderator of the Synod of Philadelphia. Doctor Radcliffe was a delegate to the General Presbyterian Council in London in 18[illegible], and again in 188[illegible]

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**The Man at the Head of "Lipton Limited"** Americans of late have noted references in English papers and in English letters to American papers references to the unprecedented rush for shares in Lipton Limited," for the handling of which the National Bank of Scotland was compelled to engage over one hundred extra clerks The vast business conducted by Sir Thomas Lipton was converted into a limited company as a "going concern, dealing with tea coffee, cocoa, fruit preserving, and general food products." The new stock company appealed to all sorts and conditions of men, and the stock was subscribed for many times over

Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, head of this vast business, is well known throughout the financial world He was born at Glasgow of Irish parentage. He is a most prosperous provision merchant, and owns extensive tea gardens in Ceylon A year ago he made the munificent contribution of $125,000 to the Princess of Wales' "post dinner," which the London Graphic called the most stupendous move in the business world ever made by one man" He was recently created a Knight by the Queen

## DEATHS OF THE DAY

BENEDETTO BRIN, Inspector General of Naval Engineering and Minister of Marine of Italy; died at Rome, May 24

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BURNHAM, lawyer and writer on legal topics, served in the Civil War as Commander of colored infantry, author, also, of theological works and books on chess born in Groton, Vermont, in 1830 died in Boston May 21

ALONZO P CARPENTER, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; born in Waterford, Vermont, January 28, 1829, died in Concord, New Hampshire, May 21

JOSEPH TUTHILL DURYEA, D. D., pastor of Congregational, Presbyterian and, also, Reformed churches, and hero of the hard times period of 1893 in Omaha; born in Jamaica, New York December 9, 1812; died in Boston May 17

SIR JOHN THOMAS GILBERT, Irish historian, held many positions of honor; from 1867-75 Secretary of Public Record Office Dublin; born in Dublin, 1829; died in London, May 23

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON, hero of Mexican War, United States Minister to Austria Brigadier General of Confederates in Civil War; United States Minister to Mexico born in Athens, Georgia, June 24, 1820; died at Savannah, May 23

ALEXANDER [illegible] noted quoit player, for several years champion of America and Canada, born in Scotland in 1817, died in Newark, New Jersey, May 18

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, actress; favorably known in the United States by her performances as Julia, in The Hunchback, and as Jane Eyre; born in England in 1843; died there April 22 (notice of death delayed)

THOMAS TOWNSROW, oldest reporter in New York; associated with the New York Tribune for 50 years; born in Derbyshire England, in 1810; died in New York, May 22

SPENCER HORATIO WALPOLE, Secretary of State for the Home Department, of England, in Lord Derby's first, second and third administrations; born in England [illegible] 1806, died in London, May 22

# "PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

### Ministerial Changes in Europe

The first break in the Ministry of Spain, after war was declared, was caused by a loss of popular confidence in the Government because of its overwhelming defeat at Manila. Ministerial changes, as common under European Governments, are unknown in the United States. In late years Great Britain has been the most stable in this respect, and France the least so.

A Ministry or cabinet in foreign countries is popularly supposed to represent the policy of the Government. If the Government proposes a measure in the National legislature and it fails to be adopted, the responsibility is thrown on the Ministry. A "vote of confidence" for this or other cause is commonly proposed, and if the vote is adverse to the Ministry, that entire body immediately resigns, and the sovereign or chief executive calls on some one to form a new cabinet. A foreign cabinet is not sure of its hold from day to day; an American cabinet serves the full term of the President, no matter how legislation may go.

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### The Anglo-Venezuelan Tribunal

The claims of Great Britain in the dispute with Venezuela over the boundary between the latter country and British Guiana will be presented to the tribunal of arbitration in July next. As the claims of Venezuela have already been presented, the arbitrators will soon be able to begin studying the counter claims preparatory to meeting as a court in Paris in February next. This is the last of the important international questions that have been submitted to arbitration, and it has a peculiar interest to citizens of the United States because of President Cleveland's action in the contention. Arbitration was provided by a treaty signed in Washington in February, 1897. The arbitrators on the part of Great Britain are Lord Herschell and Judge Collins, and on the part of Venezuela Chief Justice Fuller and Judge Brewer of the United States Supreme Court. These arbitrators have chosen, under the treaty, M. de Martens, Chief Counselor of the Russian Foreign Office, to be the fifth member of the tribunal. Ex-President Harrison and Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy will be among the counsel for the Venezuelan Government.

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### Neutrality of the Powers

From the moment it became evident that the United States was determined to forcibly end Spanish misgovernment in Cuba, Spain has eagerly sought the intervention and protection of the great Powers. She has been forced, however, to acknowledge failure, and her only hope remaining is that the Powers "may eventually intervene from motives of self-interest and public polity on behalf of Spain." Her efforts to induce the Powers to protest against Mr. Chamberlain's Anglo-American alliance speech as well as against the blockade of Cuba were also unavailing. Rebuffed on these lines, she still courts intervention on the fatuitous ground that she might be helpful to the Powers in the event of any combination against the dreaded Anglo-American alliance. Just now the Powers are fully occupied with their own concerns, and these are too engrossing for them to respond to her advances.

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### Manila and Trafalgar

The opinion generally held by experts that, in conditions and results, Dewey's victory at Manila ranks next to the battle of Trafalgar, suggests a comparison of the two events. At Manila the Spanish had a squadron of eleven vessels, supported by defensive works at Cavite. The vessels included six cruisers and four gunboats. Opposed to this fleet was an American squadron, without any supporting works and without any base of supplies or operations, of four cruisers, two gunboats, and a revenue cutter. The American fleet, owing to its more modern construction and equipment, exceeded the larger one of Spain in tonnage, displacement, number of guns, and complement of men. During the battle, the service of the American guns and the maneuvring of the ships for effective positions were superb. The results of the two-part fight were the total destruction of the Spanish fleet, an estimated Spanish loss in the fight and the subsequent bombarding of Cavite, of two thousand in killed and wounded, injuries to eight men on the American fleet, and damage to the vessels of about $8,000. In Lord Nelson's last and greatest victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, there were twenty-seven ships of the line and four frigates in the English fleet, eighteen ships of the line in the French and fifteen ships of the line in the Spanish, in addition to seven frigates belonging to the allies. During the battle, nineteen French and Spanish ships surrendered, and one was sunk; and after Nelson's victory and death four more of their ships were captured. Considering the details of Manila and Trafalgar, the phenomenal victory of the Americans in many respects has never been surpassed, if really equaled.

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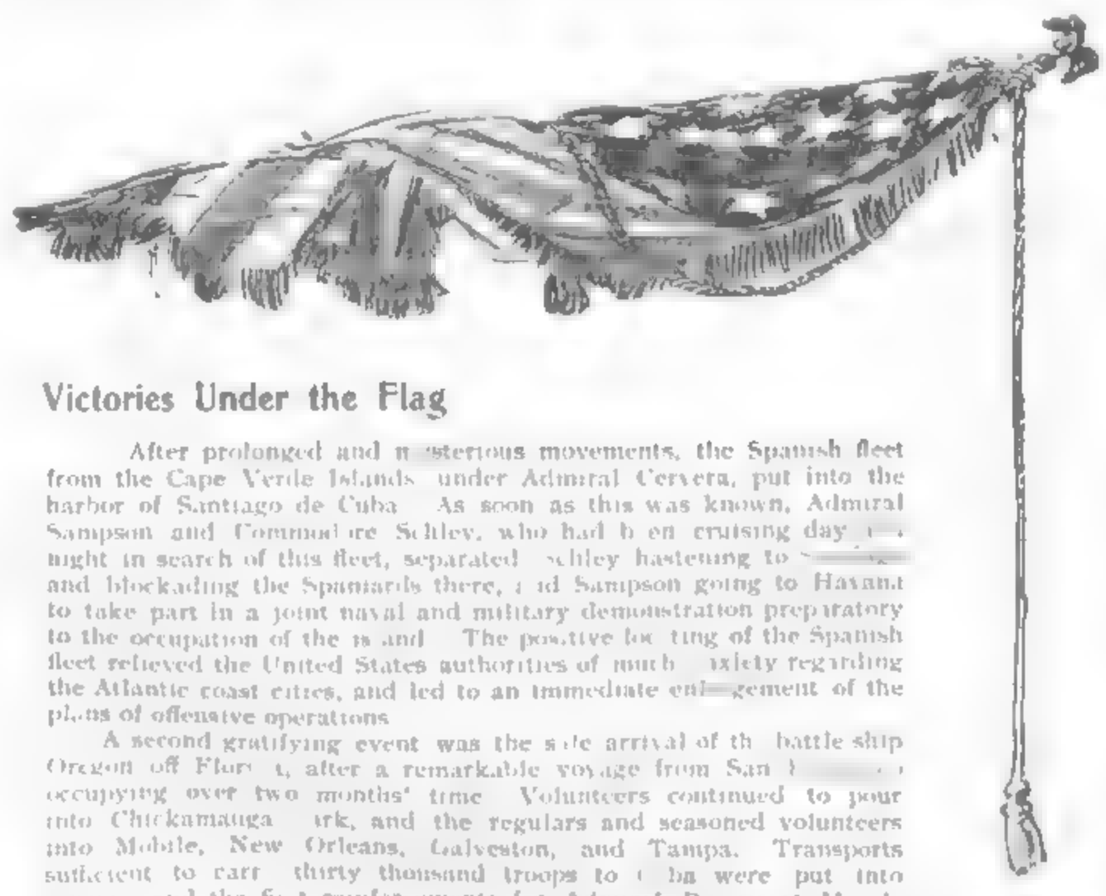
### The Conference with Canada

The conference at Washington between representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Canada is primarily without disturbing significance for anyone, although in the present state of international excitement there may be some who will look for important results from it that are foreign to its objects. In previous friendly negotiations, a number of questions in which the United States and Canada directly, and Great Britain indirectly, were interested were left in an unsettled state. These include a variety of topics relating to the fur seal and other fisheries. Other questions have come up since which call for an amicable regulation between the United States and Canada, such as reciprocity, border immigration, and the management of the Klondike mining region. The function of the conference is simply to prepare a basis of settlement, and to arrange for a joint commission, which in turn will frame a treaty for the settlement of all matters incompleted or in dispute between the United States and Canada.

### The New Eastern Question

Japan is known to entertain cordial relations with the United States and Great Britain, and to desire a condition toward both of a stronger character. The domination of Russia in the affairs of the far East, under recent and pending changes, is by no means established. Russia looks to France as to an ally in the decisive movements that diplomatists agree cannot be long postponed; but it is doubtful if the friendship of France for Russia is more than half-hearted and ephemeral, because Russia has not supported French pretensions in China as was expected.

Hesitating and harassed China, bullied by nearly every nation in Europe, has come to understand Russia better than before, and to regard Great Britain as her best and most constant friend. Japan has sought, and apparently secured, an understanding with Great Britain which will have a powerful influence on future Eastern affairs. The sudden and unexpected advent of the United States as a Power in the new Eastern question has caused an entire disarrangement of National policies, and the results of a possible alliance between the United States, Great Britain and Japan can be viewed only with alarm by the Powers which but a few short weeks ago considered themselves the exclusive masters of the situation.



## Victories Under the Flag

After prolonged and mysterious movements, the Spanish fleet from the Cape Verde Islands, under Admiral Cervera, put into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. As soon as this was known, Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, who had been cruising day and night in search of this fleet, separated, Schley hastening to Cienfuegos and blockading the Spaniards there, and Sampson going to Havana to take part in a joint naval and military demonstration preparatory to the occupation of the island. The positive locating of the Spanish fleet relieved the United States authorities of much anxiety regarding the Atlantic coast cities, and led to an immediate enlargement of the plans of offensive operations.

A second gratifying event was the safe arrival of the battle-ship Oregon off Florida, after a remarkable voyage from San Francisco, occupying over two months' time. Volunteers continued to pour into Chickamauga Park, and the regulars and seasoned volunteers into Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and Tampa. Transports sufficient to carry thirty thousand troops to Cuba were put into service, and the first reinforcements for Admiral Dewey at Manila were sent off. Owing to the size of the military forces deemed necessary for the occupation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, and wishing to create a reserve Army for emergencies, President McKinley issued a call for 75,000 additional volunteers, which would make the total strength of the consolidated Army 200,000 officers and men.

The situation at Manila remained practically unchanged. Admiral Dewey arranged with the Commanders of the foreign war ships there to protect foreign residents in case of need, and the President officially proclaimed the blockade of the port. No further operations at the Philippines are expected till the arrival of the Charleston and Monterey with the troop ships from San Francisco.

For the first time in thirty-three years the President reviewed a volunteer Army in war service. Both Houses of Congress adopted a resolution to present a sword of honor to Rear-Admiral Dewey and commemorative bronze medals to the officers and men of his fleet. The first exchange of prisoners of war has been made off Havana, the Spanish officers and two privates being given up for two American newspaper correspondents. The United States Circuit Court at Key West condemned four and released two Spanish steamers caught in the Cuban blockade. An effective system of communication has been established between the insurgents in Cuba and the United States vessels surrounding the island, and the former have received a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Intense anxiety prevailed among the troops at the mobilizing points for orders to invade Cuba. Congress passed a bill appropriating $3,000,000 for a coastwise and harbor patrol and authorizing the enlistment into the Navy of the naval militia of the maritime States. The bond and corporation tax features of the War Revenue bill provoked heated discussion in the Senate, where an attempt was made by its supporters to inconspicuously attach the Hawaiian annexation resolution to the revenue bill.

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### The Spy in Modern Warfare

Just what constitutes a spy in warfare has never been acceptably determined. At the International conference at Brussels, in 1874, called to draft a code of rules to govern civilized warfare, there was a substantial agreement to the rule which defined a spy as a person who goes in disguise, or under false pretenses, within the lines or territory of a belligerent to observe his strength, works, and movements for the purpose of supplying the information to the enemy. The infliction of the death penalty on spies taken in disguise within the enemy's territory, is permitted among civilized nations.

The United States Government, which was not a party to the Brussels conference, has established the rule that the spy is punishable with death by hanging by the neck, whether or not he succeeds in obtaining the information or in conveying it to the enemy. In the British Naval Discipline Act it is provided that spies can be tried by a naval court martial, and shall suffer death or any other punishment.

There is a wide difference between the definition and practice of spying. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, it was claimed, by Germany, that all persons crossing the boundary in balloons, for the purpose of obtaining military information, were spies. But this claim was held to be in conflict with the Brussels declaration. The case of Lieutenant Rowan, of the United States Army, who went to Cuba, ostensibly to carry dispatches from the Government to General Gomez, and to make maps of the roads in the territory controlled by Gomez, would present curious complications if he had been caught by the Spaniards. To them he would be a spy according to the Brussels rule; but, as this portion of Cuba, though nominally belonging to Spain, is under the control of a force in harmony and cooperation with the United States the determination of the officer's status could only be a matter of conjecture.

There is no agreement among nations as to the length of time the character of a spy adheres to him. A treaty of peace would absolve him from all personal risk. It is the general belief, however, that a person who has acted successfully as a spy is liable to the death penalty if captured subsequently to his act and while hostilities continue.

About the only rule bearing on spying that is firmly established is that the spy must be a voluntary agent. No military nor naval authority can order a person to become a spy, for such an order would be practically a condemnation to death. Spying is a necessity, but its punishment is most ignominious.

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### Our Union with Great Britain

No political utterance in recent years has created an iota of the consternation in Europe that followed the Birmingham speech of Joseph Chamberlain, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was a justification in the simplest terms of England's policy of isolation, and a declaration that the time had arrived for a change in this policy. What particularly annoys Europe is his assertion that the new policy involves closer relations between Great Britain and the United States. He regards it as the second duty of the Empire to maintain bonds of permanent union with its kinsmen across the Atlantic.

His peroration, which was the paralyzing element in the address, is so unfettered by the reticence of the old diplomacy, and so clearly a voicing of British official sentiment, that it deserves to be preserved in full. "I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance." These words may portend momentous events. They have already ignited a fire in Europe.

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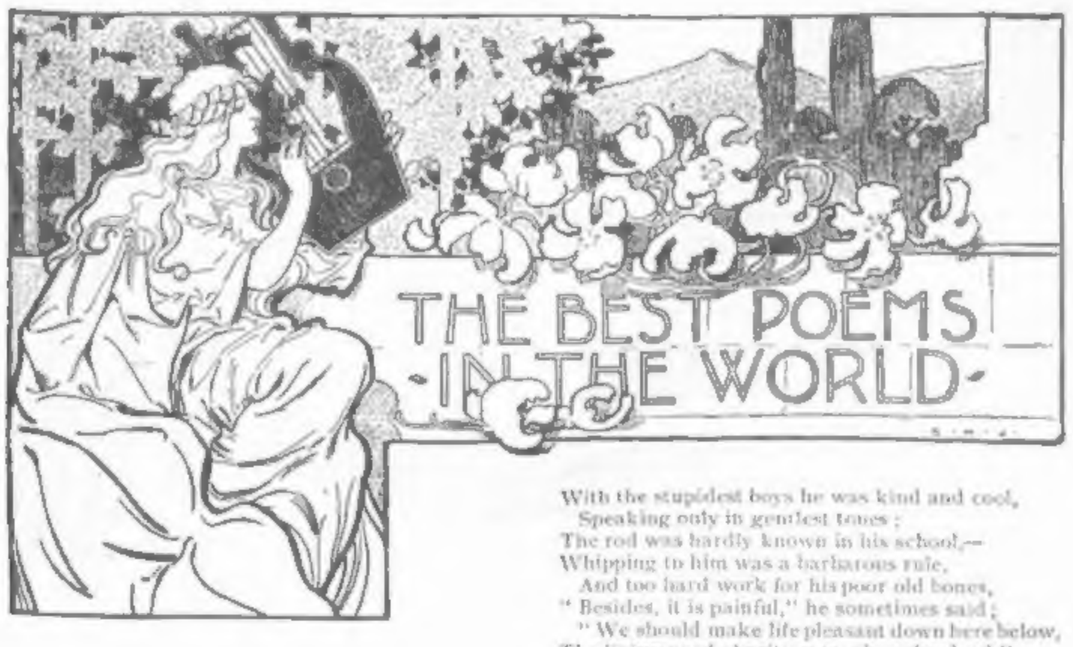
### On Flying the Spanish Flag

The maxim that everything is fair in war is having a lively application nowadays. While international laws, treaty stipulations, and National declarations on the ethics of warfare have sought to invest hostilities with a cloaking of honorable procedure, almost anything is permissible by which one belligerent can gain an advantage.

The other day a storm was raised in the Spanish Cortes over an assertion that American war vessels were guilty of the "cowardly and iniquitous" practice of flying the Spanish flag. This practice, however, is common, and is sanctioned in the severe regulations for the government of our Navy, which permit the display of a foreign flag to deceive an enemy, but declare that such flag must be hauled down and the National ensign run up before a gun is fired or an engagement otherwise begun. Where an advantage is to be gained by deception, the interval between the display of the two flags need not be longer than the time necessary to make the change.




IV

## THE CHILDREN

By CHARLES M. DICKINSON

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from Heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They taught me the goodness of God,
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

• • •

V

## JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

By GEORGE ARNOLD

'TWAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A series of famous poems, selected by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and published weekly, with illustrations from original drawings. A biographic sketch of the author of each poem, with a portrait wherever possible, will be given.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school,—
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones,
"Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said;
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

FROM THE DRAWING BY SARA CROSBY

"WHEN THE LITTLE ONES GATHER AROUND ME"

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles.
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there.
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"'Twas a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,—
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

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VI

## THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

By WILLIAM PITT PALMER

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire Hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of Idliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!

"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Wilkith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe."
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—

A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed,
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to 't?"

"'T she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durs'n't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

## CHILD-LIFE AT SCHOOL

SKETCHES OF THE POETS

### A Poem Credited to Dickens

THE authorship of the poem, The Children, has almost universally been attributed to the novelist, Charles Dickens. This is an injustice: the author was Charles M. Dickinson, of Binghamton, New York. At the time of its appearance there was a story circulated to the effect that the poem, as a newspaper clipping, had been found in Charles Dickens' desk after his death, and it was assumed that the novelist desired to hide the identity of the author under the *nom de plume* of Charles Dickinson. That the entire story was the figment of some super-zealous critic's imagination is testified to by the following letter, written by the English novelist's son:

"HOTEL BRUNSWICK, New York,
"October 29, 1887.

"*Dear Sir:* In reply to the letter which Mr. William Henry Smith has been good enough to forward to me, I willingly testify to the fact that the poem, The Children, which has so often been erroneously attributed to my father, was not written by him; and that, far from having claimed it as his, I have written, during the last seventeen years, a large number of letters, and have many times inserted in my magazine, Household Words, answers to correspondents, stating that the story about the poem having been found in my father's desk after his death was entirely apocryphal, and that I was altogether unaware to whom the credit of the authorship of the verses was due.

"I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS.

"Chas. M. Dickinson, Esq.,
"Daily Republican,
"Binghamton, New York."

Charles M. Dickinson was born in an old farmhouse in Lewis County, New York, in 1842. In 1860 he left home and began teaching. It was while at this calling that he wrote The Children. He chose a happy way of meeting the pupils' dislike for writing compositions. He proposed to write something himself to read on a Saturday afternoon, provided they would do the same. So the poem was written between the closing of school on Friday afternoon and its opening on Saturday. We may well imagine that he wrote it in the schoolroom itself, where empty desks bore witness of absent owners, where the very air seemed haunted with memories of the departed little ones.

Dickinson in time gave up school-teaching and entered the legal profession; later he drifted into journalism, and became editor of the Binghamton Republican. He now represents the United States as a Consul-General. To us he will always be best known as author of The Children.

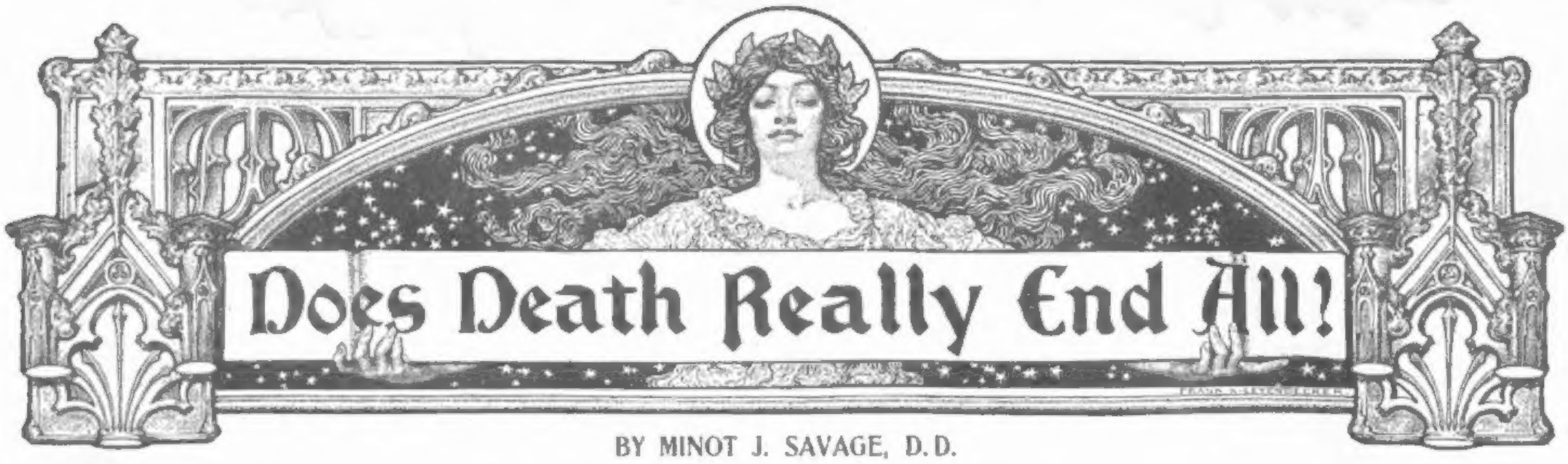
### Author of Jolly Old Pedagogue

A MOST interesting character was George Arnold, author of the Jolly Old Pedagogue. In his short career he saw many sides of life. But from first to last, in all things and to all persons, he was sincere and manly. His nature was frank and gentle, his impulses generous and good. He was born in New York City on June 24, 1834. Most of his boyhood days were spent in Illinois, where he doubtless laid the foundation of that profound love of Nature, and knowledge of her fondest secrets, which he manifested in later life and is apparent in his poems.

He never attended school: his education was acquired at home. He knew less of books than of the great principles underlying books. At the age of eighteen he took up portrait painting, but found that his life-work must lie in another direction. The pen had many attractions for Arnold, and his first step in literature was the writing of art criticisms, which attracted wide attention.

His literary career extended over a period of about twelve years, in which time he wrote with fluency and versatility every kind of literature for which there was a demand. But in his poems we get in closest touch with the man. He had a fine appreciation of the human emotions, and blended humor with pathos with a most delicate hand. Perhaps the best example of this is found in the Jolly Old Pedagogue. The philosophy which permeates this poem is fatalistic, but wholesomely fatalistic. It is the kind that makes worry superfluous.

In 1865 he died, at Strawberry Farms, New Jersey. Toward the last he amused himself by writing songs, for which he would compose appropriate melodies. They were simple and sweet, and he derived the greatest comfort in singing them himself.



# Does Death Really End All?

BY MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Two

IT SEEMS to me a matter of immense importance to prove—if we can, to demonstrate—that death is not the end of personal, conscious existence. We may hope, we may dream, we may cling to this faith lovingly, tenderly; but to be able to say we know is a different thing.

Why is it important? Does it change anything? It seems to me that it changes certain things in the most important of all conceivable ways.

If I am going to live fifty years I would certainly lay out my life on a different scale than might be perfectly appropriate if I were to live only six months or one year. If, when I get through with this little scene of affairs on this visible earth and under this visible sky, I get through for good and all, then there are a thousand things that it would not seem to me worth while to attempt to do or to become. What would be the use?

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If a man with his friends is going out on an excursion to camp in the woods for a few weeks, he does not consider it of any great importance that he build himself a substantial house that would stand for five hundred years. If a young man is going through Columbia University, and if he knows that he is to die and that is to be the end of it, the day he graduates, will he feel stimulated to study, to make himself master of all those things that otherwise he might strive to acquire? Would you blame him any if he tried simply to have a pleasant time during those four years? He need not injure any one; he need not lead what we would call an immoral life; but certainly you would not think him culpable for not bending all his energies to the acquirement of knowledge that was to be of no practical use to him whatever!

But if the graduation day is not the end, but only the beginning of a long career, then would he not feel that it was worth while to brace himself physically, mentally, morally, to acquire self-mastery, to learn all those things which will make him mighty in shaping his future life among his fellow-men? So, if I have before me an immortal career, that is one thing.

I wish you to note, friends, that, whether we have, or not, the essential principles of morality, of right and wrong, are not changed. If we should wake up on a floating raft at sea, knowing that our lives were to extend no more than twenty-four hours, even then it would not be right for us to injure each other, and make our position more uncomfortable than it need be. But if men are not to live in the future, I do not believe that your grandest moral ideals are going to have leverage power enough to lift them out of their selfishness and make them lead grand, magnificent, consecrated lives.

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George Eliot sings her wondrous song of the choir invisible, and tells us how grand a thing it is to live for the coming generations here on earth, though she herself held and cherished no belief in an immortal career beyond. But tell me why, friends! If a man says to me, looking me straight in the face, "Why should I sacrifice myself for the sake of another man whose happiness is no more important to the universe than my own?" what can I say to him?

It seems that if I believed that when I died that was the end, I should try not to injure anybody. I should work hard, perhaps, to make the lives of my fellow-men a little easier, to lessen the amount of pain and suffering in the world. But I should not think it worth while strenuously to endeavor to build up in me a spiritual nature that can find here scant room for exercise. I do not see how any one could find fault with me so long as I injured no one, but tried to help on the common happiness—happiness in innocence, harmlessness to others.

But if I believe that the day of my death is the day of my graduation, that I am just beginning to live then, that this life is only a college course by way of preparation for the next—if I believe that with my whole soul, then nothing else becomes of any great importance. You remember that significant word of Browning in the introduction to his poem of Sordello, where he says, "The culture of a soul; little else is of any value." If I am a soul, and if my soul begins its career at death, then indeed it is true—and I can look the world in the face and preach it with all my power—it is indeed true that little else is of any material value.

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What difference does it make whether you are rich in this world or not? What difference does it make whether you live on one of the finest avenues or on a more common street? What difference does it make what kind of clothing you wear? What difference does it make what office you hold or what social position you enjoy? These things are all well in their places; but if you really believe the other thing with your whole soul, then the main purpose of your life—and it is the only rational thing—will be devoted to what you can become and to what you can achieve for others. Then those words of Jesus gain magnificent significance: "He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for the truth, for God, is the only one who saves it."

You see, then, that knowledge on this subject has a tremendous bearing on the kind of life we should lead here. I believe—I suggest this in passing—that there is nothing like demonstrated knowledge so well fitted to help us solve the great social and industrial problems of the world. The masses of men in Europe and America are saying, "You have been trying through all the ages to put us off by telling us that we ought to be content in that position in which Providence has placed us, and look for our reward in another world." And they are beginning to say: "We doubt about that other world; it looks like a device on the part of the comfortable, with the assistance of the priests, to keep us quiet, and we do not propose to be fooled by it any longer. We wish our share of the only good about which we really know anything."

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And can you blame them? I cannot. But if I can look these men in the face and say I know and you know that you are souls, that you are to live forever, then I can say to them also: Do you not see that it is only reasonable that you should go through this world in such a way as to start with all the advantage possible over there? Do you not see that these men who have money and social position have what is relatively of no importance whatever? You have God and the immortal life—all that is capable of ever making wealthy a soul—a child through all the ages of the great Infinite.

So I say, look at it however I will, it seems of immense importance that we should be able, if we may, to demonstrate continued existence. I ask you to look over the face of the world with me for a little and see where we are touching this matter of belief concerning a future life. I use the word "future" in connection with this life. Let us remember, however, that it is not future except as related to us who are speaking. If our friends who have passed over are alive at all, they are alive now in the same natural sense as we are, and under the same universe and beneath the guidance of the same Father that we are. What is the condition, then, of the modern world as to this matter of belief in continued existence? There are vast numbers of people in all the churches who have taken this belief for granted. It has come to them from the past as a tradition. They have said, "There must have been adequate reason for the belief when it first took possession of the hearts of men," and they have not been troubled by any manner of doubt.

Blessed, in one way at least, are these souls that are untroubled. I would not speak one word that should touch the beautiful fabric of their belief. I would not undermine their trust; I would help them to maintain it as long as they may. But I am compelled to recognize the fact that only a small part of the people are thus contented and satisfied. There are those in our old churches—and this is another class from the one I have just been speaking of—who have accepted this belief as a tradition, who have not questioned it, but who, when the great strain of sorrow comes, find that the cables which are attached to the anchors of their hope give way, and they find themselves adrift and in doubt.

Only a little while ago a novel was published and widely read. One of its characters was an Episcopal Rector, and another an old gentleman, his long-time friend, with whom he had been accustomed to play a quiet game of whist of an evening. The old gentleman was dying and he sent for his Rector, and when he came he looked into his face and said: "Now I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer me as man to man. Do not give me your official opinion. As a man and a friend, do you know anything about it?" And so adjured he said, "No; I do not." I could instance cases to show that so many times, when this traditionally and generally accepted faith is put to the test, it gives way. You find, on the other hand, some who have given it up. Harriet Martineau used to say, as she grew older, that she did not care for any future life: "I am tired. All I want is rest. I do not desire any future life." She did not care to have it proved to her. I have had the same thing said to me a great many times. But I have replied:

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"You are mistaken, if you say this, in interpreting your own state of mind. You are not tired of living. You are tired of carrying burdens. You are tired of certain conditions that are hard, and from which you have not been able to escape. You are heart-hungry; you are weary; you are not tired of living." And so I say concerning this state of mind, as Tennyson says in The Two Voices:

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
>
> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant—
> Oh, life, not death—for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

Another class of thinkers at the present time are those that call themselves agnostics. If you go back a little way, two or three hundred years, you come to a time when the people thought that they knew even more about the other world than they did about this one. Read Dante. He maps out the Inferno and the Paradiso as no geographer could map this planet; and they all believed that it was real—they lived in the other world. The strongest men of the age believed so thoroughly that everything else gave way in view of preparation for that which was to come after death.

But there came the Renaissance, which was a sort of a reawakening to the life of this present world. Out of that sprung the scientific spirit, and out of that has grown the agnostic. What is the scientific spirit? Is there any evil about it? No; it is nothing more nor less than the reasonable demand on the part of reasonable men and women that they should have proof of that which is presented to them for acceptance. Mr. Huxley went so far as to say that he believed it was immoral for people to believe without any proof. A doubt is as sacred as faith, and the only object of either of them is to lead to the discovery of truth. The scientific man is no enemy to the future life; he simply wishes what I wish—to know.

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They used to sing, you know, about making their "title clear to mansions in the skies"; and it was lovely, so long as people could believe that the titles were clear. But when the scientific investigators asked leave to look into these titles and see if they were valid, the most of them were found not to bear a very close or careful investigation. So people woke up, and were obliged to confess that they did not know so much about the other world as they had supposed. So here is this agnostic position. I have never met an agnostic who was glad to be one—not if he was a sensible man at the same time. He simply says: "I must confine myself to that which is true. I must know. I cannot rest in simply what is called 'faith'—which is shutting the eyes and believing in the dark. I wish evidence for these great things that we are told are founded in the eternal nature of the universe."

Let us look for a moment at still another class. We come to those that are ready to argue with us that we have adequate reason for believing in continued existence simply on the basis of the story that Jesus, after being crucified, was raised again from the grave in the same body which He wore when He was on the cross. This is offered to the world to-day. I have seen several times within the last week or two the argument made that here is the great Gibraltar of Christianity—here is the one reason for our believing in continued existence. I wish to look at this for a little and see how much it means. I say frankly to you, friends, that even if I believed that the physical body of Jesus was raised from the tomb, I should fail utterly to see how it carried any hope or any adequate comfort for me.

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Take it on the old theory that Jesus was God. If God continues to live through what is ordinarily called the fact of death, how does it prove that I am to continue to live, when I am not God? If a physical body is raised from the grave, how does that prove that I am to continue to live when I have no sort of expectation that my physical body is ever to be raised? I cannot see the vital link of connection that is supposed to make this belief valid. I must say to you, with perfect frankness, that I do not regard the evidence that is offered to us in behalf of the contention that the physical body of Jesus was raised from the dead as valid, in any way whatsoever. We have not one first-hand witness of such an occurrence. Paul tells us that he saw Jesus, but he does not claim to have seen Him in the body—it was a vision after His supposed ascension. We have no first-hand testimony.

I wish you to note another thing. A story like that never could have grown up in the modern world. When Heaven was supposed to be just above the arch of blue, and when an atmosphere that any man could breathe was supposed to fill the space between where the throne of God is and this earth, then it is conceivable that a body might pass through this atmosphere and enter into that abode. But when we know that anything constituted as we are cannot possibly live for five minutes after it has passed beyond a certain distance in the sky, and when we know that there is no Heaven with the throne of God, on the right hand of which any one could sit down just above the dome of blue; when we know it would take light thousands of years to reach the centre of the universe, if there be any centre—which no man knows—do you not see that a conception like that cannot reasonably live for five minutes in this universe where we find our home?

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We must dismiss that, then, as the basis for our belief in continued existence after the experience of death. And yet, in spite of agnostics, in spite of all the clear-headed and earnest-hearted criticism of the modern world, in spite of the doubt that is everywhere in the air, the human heart still pleads for its dead, still longs for some hope that those who have been loved shall not be forever lost. And in the face of these critics we find men like Oliver Wendell Holmes uttering his passionate remonstrance:

> "Is this the whole sad story of creation,
> Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er—
> One glimpse of day, then black annihilation—
> A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?
>
> "Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
> Robe us once more in Heaven-aspiring creeds!
> Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,
> The stony convent with its cross and beads!"

I sympathize with, and my whole heart leaps in response to, this plea of our beloved poet, Holmes—all but the last part of it, which I utterly repudiate. Would it be better to have faith in a future life with the sphinxes and the civilization of ancient Egypt? Would it be better to have faith in a future life with the convents of the Middle Ages and the cold and hard creeds? Nay, friends! I do not know whether you will



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EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST Series will be practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics, by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon is taken from Religion For To-day, by Minot J. Savage, D.D. Published by George H. Ellis, Boston. The first four are:

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| I—The Simplest Kind of Religion, | by Henry Drummond, | May 28 |
| II—Does Death Really End All? | by Minot J. Savage, D.D., | June 11 |
| III—Having an Aim in Life, | by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, | June 18 |
| IV—The Discontent of Modern Life, | by Walton W. Battershall, D.D., | June 25 |

say amen to this utterance of mine, but I must say it with all the fervor of my soul: If I could have an immortal Heaven, with all I love, ever have loved, ever shall love, grouped around me there, and have it at the price of the eternal loss and wail of the poorest, meanest soul that ever lived, I would turn my back on it and go gladly to sleep in eternal night.

I have no respect for that man who is willing to take Heaven for himself at the price of hell for anything that ever lived. I do not say, then, better the dreaming Egypt of the sphinxes, better the stony convent with its cross and beads. No belief at all is better than a belief that God is heartless and cruel, and that the smoke of the torment of the great majority is to ascend and cloud the fair heavens for ever and ever. But that is not the alternative, as I believe. Let us see where we are. I do not propose at first to offer you what I regard as proof. I only propose to outline two or three considerations which seem to establish a tremendous, magnificent probability in that direction.

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First, it seems one of the most striking facts in the history of this world that practically all men everywhere have believed. No matter what their reason for believing, the simple fact that they have cherished a belief—is it not wonderful? Here is a body from which the life has departed. It looks, friends, does it not, as though it were all over forever? Whence, then, springs that audacious, that magnificent trust that there was something in this body, or connected with it, that is able to overleap that black and apparently bottomless abyss, and start on its endless career of light on the other side? If you should see a dog bent pensively over the body of one of his fellow-dogs, and you could know he was asking the question: "If a dog die, shall he live again?" you would think you were in the presence of something unspeakably strange, wonderful.

The simple fact that men have dared to dream of a future life seems marvelous in its significance, and I am inclined to believe that trust connected with love and hope in human souls comes from a whisper of our Father in Heaven. I believe it means something grand and full of cheer and peace.

Another thought. When modern science first began to gain its wondrous development in the world, there was for a long time the feeling and fear that some theory of materialism would ultimately gain dominance and control the beliefs of men. But it is not the church, it is not religion that has killed materialism. It is fearless study that has killed it. Materialism, as philosophy and science to-day, is antiquated and dead. It has no standing among the finest and most scholarly thinkers of the world. There is no possibility, out of any combination you please, of dead matter producing a thought, feeling, love or hope. And the simple fact that we place man, soul first, and matter afterward, seems to me to have a tremendous significance in this direction. Spenser, the old poet, is the author of two lines suggestive in this direction. He says:

"For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

I believe life is first. Life creates and shapes what we call matter without knowing anything about what matter really is.

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One other consideration: This universe, just as far as we are able to trace it, we find to be a reasonable universe. We are compelled to believe that rationality runs through and characterizes all that which to us at present is still unknown. It is a reasonable universe. Now think! I cannot believe that it is reasonable to suppose that the universe takes such pains through millions of years to accomplish magnificent results for nothing at all! From the fire-mist, millions of years, until this little earth of ours swings, a globe, round the sun; thousands on thousands of years while it cools, and until it becomes the abode of sense and life; thousands on thousands of years while the lower forms of life dominate it, while it is climbing up through fish, and bird, and mammal to man; then thousands on thousands of years while man is going through the process of preparation for the time when he becomes a really rational being; then thousands on thousands of years while humanity climbs up at last to the height of Homer, Pericles, Virgil, Goethe, Shakespeare, to the more magnificent heights of Confucius, Gautama, Mohammed, Jesus; climbing up to these magnificent peaks of intellectual and spiritual light and power.

I find it almost impossible to believe that through millions of years of preparation the universe should have reached on and on up to the production of these marvelous results for the sake of—what? Nothing! To snuff out all that it has taken such pains to produce, to end in a blank after such elaborate and careful preparation! It seems absurd. And so, if I had no other reason than this, I should still trust in continued existence after death; trust that this magnificent work which the universe has been at such pains to perfect would continue and mean something in the ages that are to come. But I frankly say that these things are not what scientists would call demonstration; they are not absolute proof; they are simply magnificent probabilities.

Then is there anything else? I wish to call your attention to a class of facts that have only recently come to be recognized seriously by the earnest and competent students of the world. About a century ago a man appeared in France who claimed to have discovered a power that after him came to be called "Mesmerism." Now the same thing is called hypnotism, the name only being changed. A biased scientific commission was appointed to investigate the matter while Mesmer still lived, and they pronounced it all delusion and fraud. To-day there is not a competent thinker who does not know that a hundred times more than Mesmer claimed is true.

What does this mean? It means that we are beginning to study these wonderful minds of ours. The mind of man is the last continent on earth to be explored. Until these very modern years it has been more unknown than the wilds of darkest Africa itself. We are, however, beginning to study the mind of man. We have found not only that these marvelous things are true, but we have found that clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy are real. I mean by this (be sure you understand me) not that all that is said by those who claim to be clairvoyant and clairaudient is so. No. I simply mean that these powers exist.

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What does this mean? It means that these wondrous minds of ours, these souls, ourselves, can, under certain conditions, see without any eyes, and hear without any ears, and communicate half-way round the globe without any of the ordinary means of communication. What does that mean? Does it prove a future life? Not at all. But I suggest to you as to whether it does not take a significant step in that direction.

It is said that Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker were one day taking a walk in Concord, when a believer in the Second Advent rushed wildly up to them and told them that the world was very near its end. I omit Theodore Parker's reply, which was very witty, but irrelevant here, and call your attention only to that of Emerson. Emerson said: "Well, my friend, suppose the world is coming to an end! I think I can get along without it."

Now the point I wish you to note as the suggestion of this reply of Emerson is this: If a mind can see without eyes, if it can hear without ears, if it can communicate without a tongue, and that without much regard to distance in space—in other words, if I can get along for a while without so many of these faculties and powers of the body, may it not be reasonable for me to believe that I can get along without it entirely?

There is another whole class of facts which I must suggest to you. I shall not go into them in the way of giving detailed experiences. I simply make certain assertions which I can prove whenever called upon.

There is in existence, as most of you are aware, in England and in this country, a society for psychical research, and many of our most intellectual people belong to it. It is a society that investigates that whole class of alleged facts and happenings which have been believed in from the beginning of the world, but which, by educated people in our modern life, have been ruthlessly brushed one side and treated with undeserved contempt.

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I have been studying these matters very carefully for over twenty years, with no personal bias, with no personal wish—why should any one have a wish of that sort?—to believe what is not true, but simply with a desire to find out what sort of being I am, and whether there is any scientific reason for trusting that I may overleap the fact of death, and have a future life somewhere. Now I wish you all to note one fact. The things that are asserted to be taking place in the modern world are precisely similar to the happenings of which the Bible, Old Testament and New, is full—precisely similar facts. There is not a religion that has not had its birth in the midst of alleged facts of a similar kind. There is not a nation that has not been telling these stories from the beginning. What are they? They are visions, they are voices, they are messages coming from across the border. They are based on the idea that the other world is as real as this, and that at times the partition is so thin that we can gain glimpses through and hear words that are uttered; that sometimes even the denizens of that world on special missions do appear in this.

If you are not ready to investigate facts like these in the modern world why should you believe precisely similar tales two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years old, on the testimony of nobody knows whom, when you cannot possibly investigate them to find out whether they are creditable witnesses or not, or whether they really saw what they asserted took place? I leave you face to face with that dilemma. There is not a belief in a future life that does not reach back to some asserted happening of this particular kind.

Now a word in regard to the reappearance of Jesus after death. I told you that I did not believe that the body, the physical body, of Jesus was raised from the dead. I believe it lay in the tomb as quietly and peacefully as bodies of the dead lie in their tombs to-day. But I believe His spirit rose, and I fully believe, too, that His disciples saw Him and talked with Him. I do not consider that the evidence that has come down to us, two thousand years old, is sufficient to establish that belief. But I believe that similar things have happened in the modern world. Therefore I can believe that they may have happened then. I believe that Jesus was seen. I believe that this magnificent fact is that which inspired the early church and gave us our Easter morn. I believe that the story which grew up years and years afterward (that His physical body disappeared from the tomb) is not supported by adequate proof; and, if it were, it would only be a difficulty to my faith.

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Jesus did not want His physical body any more than I shall want mine; and what the early disciples needed was, not the belief that His physical body was raised from the dead, for that must die again if it were, but that Jesus lived right through death. I do not believe in death any more. I believe in life. I believe I am to go through that process that they call death, no more disturbed, or troubled, or changed, than I am by the fact that I went through the sleep of last night and waked up this morning. This is my belief: I believe that Jesus lived—that all live unto God. "He is not a God of the dead, but of the living." It will not be death that I shall feel—but eternal life; moreover, that future life will be just what I deserve.

Now, at the end. I should be ready, friends, at the proper time and place, to offer what I call good evidence in a court of justice for all that I have said. But here at the close I wish to suggest one thought for our comfort, and give you two or three quotations because they are such beautiful expressions of what is my real belief. You know there are certain high mountains which catch the first rays of the morning's sun, and it is hours and hours after that before the plains and the valleys are light. So there are mountainous men, seers, taller men intellectually and spiritually than you and I, who can see away over our heads. The divine sunrise smites them first; they look away down the future; they see things which are not yet visible to us. So we call them seers. Their vision is not scientific proof; but the experience of the world has so many times justified our trust in them that I find it easy to believe them.

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Now I wish to read you the expression of the trust of two or three of these seers. First, a few lines from Edward Rowland Sill, a young American poet who died of consumption at about the age of thirty:

"What if, some morning when the stars are paling
And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

"And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
'This is our earth, most friendly earth and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air!

"'There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendship dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death! flee, lest he find thee here!'

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, 'My name is Death'?"

Then just those sweet words of Tennyson, the last that appear in his volume of completed poems, Crossing the Bar:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam, [deep
When that which drew from out the boundless
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
[Place

"For though from out our bourne of Time and
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

One more word, and this the last thing in the volume of Walt Whitman's poems:

"Joy! Shipmate—joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed—our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last—she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore;
Joy! Shipmate—joy!"

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## REV. MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE, D. D.

was born in Norridgewock, Maine, June 10, 1841. He was fitted for college, but was prevented from entering owing to ill health. In 1864 he was graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary. He then spent three years as a Congregational missionary in California. Being obliged to return East, he settled for two years in Framingham, Massachusetts. Then he spent three and a half years in Hannibal, Missouri. In 1873 Dr. Savage became a Unitarian, and for one year was minister of the Third Church in Chicago. In 1874 he moved to Boston, where for twenty-two years he was minister of the Church of the Unity. In 1896 he received the degree of D.D. from Harvard University, and in the same year went to New York, where he is now minister of the Church of the Messiah. He is a very strong and forcible speaker.

# WITH A LITERARY FLAVOR

## Four Characteristic Stories

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**Ouida's Letter to a Boy.**—A short time ago, little Willie Strange, son of Alderman Strange, of Eastbourne, England, was fined for having allowed a pet dog to be at large unmuzzled. The little boy produced a money-box in court and paid the fine in small coins. Ouida, having seen an account of the case in the foreign newspapers, sent the youthful defendant the following autograph letter from Italy:

"*My Dear Boy:* I have seen your action, as recorded in the papers, with much pleasure. Any devotion you pay to your dog will be repaid to you a thousandfold by his affection. 'Tis only men who betray those who befriend them. The muzzling craze is a brutal folly and a disgrace to England. Accept this little half-napoleon for your savings-box, and if ever I can be useful to you or your dog, command me.

"I remain, yours, with much sympathy,
"OUIDA."

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**When Howells Edited.**—There are many ways in which the editor of a magazine can distinguish himself, but one of the most difficult things he has to do is the writing of letters to contributors—a task which demands the greatest discretion and yet brings little or no credit to the man who does it best. If all the writers of accepted and rejected manuscripts would send back to the magazine, some day, the editor's notes, they would supply a possible biographer with a mass of most significant material. In D. D. Addison's Life of Lucy Larcom one finds a specimen of Mr. Howells' graceful correspondence when he was editing the Atlantic Monthly. It will easily bear reprinting:

"*My Dear Mrs. Larcom:* You take rejection so sweetly that I have scarcely the heart to accept anything of yours, but I do like Phœbe and I am going to keep her."

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**When Burdette's Heart Failed Him.**—Emma Burdette lay on her cot in the hospital, waiting patiently for her Uncle Robert. She had been very ill for many weeks, and had not seen or heard from her dear home folks, says Grace Duffie Boylan in the Chicago Journal. But now she was better; and the nurse read her this letter from the gentle humorist:

"I wish, little one, that my arms were three hundred miles and three feet long. Three hundred miles would bring them to your bedside, and there would be three feet more to go round you, and hold you, while I told you something that you should know."

So the sick girl smiled and waited for the coming of her old comrade, and when he came, she nestled in his arms and demanded a full account of every one at home.

"Tell me about mamma, Uncle Bob," she said. "My dear, blessed mamma! Isn't it strange they have not let me have any letters from her at all? Is she well?" And the great-hearted man, who had come to tell her the saddest news that ever he told a young girl in this world, became a coward through tenderness. His arms were around her, but he could not blight the joy in her sweet eyes by the news he had come three hundred miles to tell. His tears fell like rain on the head against his bosom; but she did not see them, and, in a few minutes, the dull corridors of the hospital echoed with laughter as he told her funny stories and made her forget her pain and weariness; and then the white lids closed over the loving eyes and the sick child slept.

Robert Burdette went back to the door, where his brother waited for him.

"Did you tell my poor little lamb?" Emma's father asked, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he questioned. "Did you tell her?"

"No," he replied, "I could not do it. It was too hard! I took her in my arms and tried to tell her, but—oh, there is time enough! She will have all her lifetime to know that she is motherless!"

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**What a Daub of Ink Did.**—James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, had a way of appearing in the composing and press rooms of his paper at the most unexpected times; and, as his visits often resulted in a general "shake-up" of the working forces of the paper, they were awaited with fear and trembling by the employees. On one of these occasions, one of the pressmen, an excellent workman who had been there under the elder Bennett, but was sometimes guilty of a lapse from sobriety, had a black eye, and was in a quandary as to what excuse he should offer if Mr. Bennett should comment upon it. By a sudden inspiration, he daubed some ink on his face, completely covering the discoloration. Presently Mr. Bennett came into the press-room, commenting on every detail and looking very sharply at every employee. When about to leave, he pointed suddenly to the inky pressman, and said, "What is that man's name?" The man quaked in his shoes, until Mr. Bennett said slowly, "I want you to give that man three dollars a week more wages. He is the only man who looks as if he had been working."

# THE NEW BOOKS

## Described Completely in Brief

**Madame of the Ivies,** by Elizabeth Phipps Train.—The sensation of mystery does yeoman's service in Madame of the Ivies. Madame herself is a charming, but inscrutable elderly lady, whose very presence suggests the woman with a history. From the moment that Miss Lothrop, the narrator of the story, becomes a companion for Madame, we know that some curious happenings are in reserve, and that beneath the apparent calm pervading the household called The Ivies there is a storm brewing. The mystery, when finally explained, is hardly as terrible as one might be led to suppose, yet Miss Train keeps the curiosity of the reader up to a high pitch. In addition to Madame and Miss Lothrop, other characters enlist the attention, among them being a son of the former, who has had an unfortunate matrimonial experience, but who is brave enough, however, to make a second and more prosperous venture. Madame of the Ivies may not be the very best example of Miss Train's output (it lacks, indeed, the freshness and charm of A Social Highwayman), but once its perusal is begun the book will not be put down voluntarily, until fully finished. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

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**Hassan, a Fellah,** by Henry Gillman.—Hassan has a twofold strength in that it embodies an interesting romance and gives a vivid picture of the Palestine of to-day. Mr. Gillman has done well to provide such a background to his story, for the movements and descriptions of the various characters gain in value from the Oriental coloring he knows so well how to reproduce. Hassan is a shepherd, deeply in love with a beautiful village maiden, and the course of true affection does not always run as placidly as it might. But this makes the development of the narrative all the more engrossing, for the thought that the girl may be wedded to an old man only piques curiosity. Aside from the purely fictional features of the book, much acceptable data can be gleaned about the Holy Land in its modern guise—a fact hardly surprising when it is recalled that the author lived in Palestine for five years or more, and is able to justify the claim made for him, to the effect that he had "unusual and peculiar advantages for seeing and knowing the people and the country, enabling him to enrich his story with local color, characteristics, and information not found in any other work of the same kind on the Holy Land." (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

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**The Gods of Our Fathers,** by Herman I. Stern.—"It would be an interesting work," wrote Rasmus Anderson, "to show how Norse and Greek mythologies respectively have colored the religious, social, political and literary character of Greek and Roman peoples on the one hand, and Norsemen and Teutons on the other. Somebody will undoubtedly in due time be inspired to undertake such a task." True enough, somebody has been thus inspired (so far as the Norse myths are concerned) in the person of Herman I. Stern, whose new book, The Gods of Our Fathers, conducts us very agreeably back to the wonderland of might, Odin, of Freya, Loki and the energetic Valkyries. The work revives the old legends in compact, readable form, and possesses, in addition, a philosophic value indicating the latter-day influence of old beliefs and superstitions. Mr. Stern thinks there is a field for his labors, as he says: "It may be considered no exaggerated surmise that among cultured people who are not scholars, aside from the hearers of Wagner's operas, there is one conversant with Norse mythology to one hundred conversant with the mythology of the Greeks and Romans." It is an "interesting work." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

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**The Young Mountaineers,** by Charles Egbert Craddock.—This collection of interesting short stories, under the general head of The Young Mountaineers, finds Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) on her native heath of Tennessee. That amid such surroundings the author always shows herself a consummate artist is a fact which the new volume reemphasizes, if that should be necessary, in a most agreeable manner. There is quite the Craddock air about these stories, notably in Old Daddy's Window. This trifle is without plot or action, and its most prominent figure, an interesting ghost, finally degenerates into a mere shadow made by the moonlight. Yet, sketchy as the story is, it contains a charm and picturesqueness which Miss Murfree knows so well how to impart. The book has four illustrations and a pretty, appropriate binding. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

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**In Praise of Omar.**—The remarkable speech of the Hon. John Hay, our Minister to England, before the Omar Khayyam Club, of London, is well worthy of presentation in this dainty form. The speech has been called a masterpiece of literary oratory, and from its sound appreciation of the greatest of Persian poets, its grace of form and its modest manliness of tone, well deserves the compliment which has thus been given it. (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.)

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**India, the Horror-Stricken Empire,** by George Lambert.—The sub-title of this work sounds rather sensational, but as Mr. Lambert describes the great Indian famine and plague of 1896-97, his choice of words seems only too appropriate. The picture he paints is naturally an unpleasant one, but there is no reason to believe that it is overdrawn, for, as Abram B. Kolb, the editor of India, says: "Had it been my aim to pander to the lovers of the sensational, I might have given shocking details by the score. Feeling, however, that the object of the author was to teach, and to enlist intelligent, active, lasting sympathy for God's poor of India, I forbore to describe the most harrowing scenes." The tale seems sad enough as it is without additional coloring. (Mennonite Publishing Company, Elkhart, Indiana.)

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**Caleb West, Master Diver,** by F. Hopkinson Smith.—If we except the undeniable interest of the story itself, the most striking thing about Caleb West is a certain atmosphere of rugged healthiness which pervades the whole novel with all the welcome freshness of a sea breeze. The simile is appropriate, because there is many a suggestion of old ocean and its saltiness before the reader has finished the tale of the enterprising characters who are struggling to build a lighthouse on "Shark Ledge, lying eight miles from Keyport and boasting a tide running six miles an hour." Caleb West, who plays a very important part in the undertaking, is a fine study—manly, grizzled, and full of devotion to his young wife—and one's sympathies are with him from the start. For although Caleb is not in any sense of the word an ambitious creation, he is essentially human, and when trouble comes to him we are sure to experience a personal regret. Indeed, there is a time when the happiness of the Master Diver is in danger of total wreck, but peace and sunshine visit, at last, his troubled little household. To tell just how all this is accomplished would be unfair to the prospective reader, and so it must suffice to say of the theme, that in addition to the personality of Caleb there are other strong elements of interest, as provided in the building of the lighthouse (an enterprise in which the hero, a very natural fellow, is engaged) and an incidental true-love affair. The lighthouse episode may not appear to be a promising subject, yet the author has more than justified his use of it—so much so that he shows engineering, like other professions, has its exciting as well as its prosaic side. Even the most blasé person must see something entertaining in this workaday narrative, and find it an agreeable relief from the "analytic" novel, the "problem" novel, or the "yellow" novel. Mr. Hopkinson Smith has, in fine, provided us herewith a combination of sunshine, sea air and activity—and that combination serves as useful a purpose in a book as it does in real life. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

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**A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs,** by Lawrence Hutton.—Sometimes it happens that the most unambitious books prove more charming than others about which there has been much blowing of literary trumpets and beating of advertising gongs. A typical instance is furnished by the really delightful reminiscences which Lawrence Hutton gives us of his own boyhood, and of four clever dogs it was his good fortune to possess at different periods. What the author says of himself is bright, attractive, and full of quiet humor; what he says of his dogs is even brighter. Messrs. Whisky, Punch, Mop and Roy have been as human specimens of the canine race as one could well wish for, and after reading their cheerful histories it is hard not to pity, like Mr. Hutton, the mortals who lead a "dogless life." The papers upon which the volume is founded appeared originally in St. Nicholas, but they will be appreciated by children of all ages, and by grown people, too. (Harper and Brothers, New York.)

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